The Bystander, November 14, 1906

Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 154.—Vol. XII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 14, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

A SCENE IN "ROBIN HOOD"

Robin Hood (*Mr. Lewis Waller*) *to Adela* (*Miss Dorothy Minto*). *"I'll read your future by the stars or by your dainty hand"*

Mr. Lewis Waller's impersonation of Robin Hood has met with universal praise, and the piece is sure of a long run. Robin Hood carries on his intrigues with the heroine, Maid Marian (Miss Evelyn Millard), with whom he is in love, through her attendant, Adela, whose part is played by Miss Dorothy Minto. It will be remembered that Miss Minto made her first hit in *The Wild Duck* and *Major Barbara*, at the Court about a year ago

No. 154.—Vol. XII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"Familiar Trees." By G. S. Boulger. 2 vols. (Cassell: 6*s.* per vol.)

"The Dogs of War." By Walter Emanuel. (Bradbury, Agnew.)

"The Road in Tuscany." By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan: 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Sea, Camp, and Stage." By W. H. Pennington. (Arrowsmith: 1*s.*)

"The House of Lords." (*Pall Mall* Offices: 1*s.*)

"Father Tuck's Annual." Edited by Edric Wredenburg. (Raphael Tuck: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Queens of Old Spain." By Martin Hume. (Grant Richards: 15*s.* net.)

"Chats on Costume." By G. Woolliscroft. (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.* net.)

"The Wonder Book." Edited by Harry Golding. (3*s.* 6*d.* boards, and 5*s.* cloth.)

The Universal Library.—"The Man of Feeling." By Hitopadesa. (1*s.* net.) "Patient Griselda." By Geoffrey Chaucer. "Goethe's Faust." By Anna Swanwick. Dante's Vita Nuova." By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. "The Song of Songs." By Gilbert James. "The Court of Faery." By Michael Drayton. (Routledge: 3*s.* 6*d.* net each.)

The Muses Library.—"The Castle of Indolence." "The Book of Praise." "The Seasons." (Routledge: 1*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Cox's Cough Drops." By R. S. Warren Bell. (Arrowsmith: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Leone." By Mrs. Alfred Douglas Hamilton. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"The Girls of Inverbarns." By Sarah Tytler. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Miss Arnott's Marriage." By Richard Marsh. (John Long: 6*d.*)

"The Pet of the Public." By Nat Gould. (John Long: 6*d.*)

"Montlivet." By Alice Prescott Smith. (Constable: 6*s.*)

"The Man in the Case." By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. (Constable: 6*s.*)

"In the Mist of the Mountains." By Ethel Turner. (Ward, Lock: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Young Pickles." By Stuart Wishing. (Ward, Lock: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

THE BYSTANDER

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday November 14, 1906

Someone has called the recent Naval riots a Muti-knee.

* * *

Personally, we quite sympathise with the revolt in the Service against the kneeling order. It simply ruins the crease of the trousers, as anybody can see from a most cursory glance at the attire of the average Jack Tar.

* * *

Tit Bits has an article entitled, "Towns that have been Hoaxed." Quite an interesting instance occurred recently, in Germany, at a place called Koepenick—but, perhaps, the writer of the article has made use of this?

* * *

There is an excellent moral reason for Mr. Birrell's condemnation of rifle-shooting for schoolboys. He wants them to avoid misses.

* * *

"Why London was Lost"

read a *Daily News* poster after the Municipal Elections. Not "lost," we should say, but "gone ahead."

* * *

The latest experiment to be tried with the battleship *Montagu* is to use her as a big-gun target as she lies on the Shoother Rocks.

* * *

The Board of Agriculture has issued a regulation that all dogs while on a highway or place of public resort, shall wear a collar with the name and address of the owner plainly inscribed thereon; and if it be made compulsory that the name be illuminated at night-time, it will ensure complete protection for motorists.

* * *

We do not wish unduly to magnify the importance of Mr. Hall Caine's *Boadman*, but it is an undeniable fact that, since its flotation, there has been a steady rise in Russian Bonds, and the reassuring influence has even extended to Consols.

* * *

M. Oloviannikoff, proprietor of the Reactionary journal *Vetche*, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for the publication of an article (says the *Westminster Gazette*) which had not been censured by the Court Chancellery.

Which leads one to speculate on what he might have got if his article *had* been censured by it.

Not Much!

Wandering Philosopher (*reading a picked-up paper*): "Latest noos abaht the Trusts. Books an' Soap. H'm. Neether o' them don't affect me ner you, Willie, I don't fink!' (*Turns over*)

(*Drawn by Fred Buchanan*)

"Mr. Leopold Sodowsky (said the *Express*) gave a pianoforte recital at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon. He was in his best form, and astounded his hearers with his wonderful digital skill in Schubert's 'Wanderer' fantasy." A little more digital skill on the part of the printer and a little less "Wanderer" on that of the sub-editor might have flattered the pianist even more, by spelling his name correctly. It is Godowsky.

* * *

Hints to Golfers

Never indulge in a High Tee immediately after a heavy lunch.

* * *

Do not go to sleep because you happen to be "Dormie."

* * *

Do not drink spirits before playing; they are of no use against "Bogey."

* * *

Always be cheerful. A fit of the Blues won't help you to reach the Greens.

* * *

When addressing the ball, do it *sotto voce*.

* * *

Keep your eye on the ball, especially if it is a new one, and you cannot trust your caddie.

* * *

Always insist upon your "honour" at the tee. If you are likely to lose the hole you need not be so particular through the green.

* * *

WILL THEY FOLLOW SUIT?

(*Suggested by the conduct of the* Daily Mail *in issuing a Saturday supplement entitled "Books."*)

Will the *Times* follow suit,
On the obvious route,
With a supplement dealing with "Cooks"?
Or *Truth* make the venture
Of printing its censure
In a brochure devoted to "Crooks"?
We would point out to "*Chic*"
It had better be quick
With an extra edition on "Looks";
The "Annals of Psych—
—Ical Science" might "strike
It rich" with a number called "Spooks";
And we certainly think
It would smarten the *Pink*
'Un to issue a "special" on "Dooks"!

M. R.

Muriel and the Moderns

By B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

III.—HER FIRST VISIT TO THE MUSIC-HALL

Muriel lay lazily in an armchair many sizes too large for her. I sat opposite, not quite so near the fire. Her face was hidden behind a weekly magazine. Muriel had been silent for some minutes. Suddenly she laid the magazine down on her knees.

"Uncle," said she, "I've never been to a music-hall! What is it like?"

"There are music-halls of various kinds, dear. Some are so-so, some are very nearly, but most are all but."

"Do nice people go to the 'all but'?"

I said that I had been, and some men that I used to know.

"Then, Uncle, I think you'll have to take me to one to-night."

Now when Muriel says she *thinks* that I will have to do anything, I find that I generally do it. It was so in this case.

I engaged a box by telephone, and we took our seats half-way through the programme.

The Programme

A cleverly restored old lady had just finished her contribution to the programme, and the orchestra signified the same with that extraordinary chord which is the inevitable appendix to a music-hall turn, and which always suggests to me the descent of a block of badly corroded mercury down the rusty tube of a Fahrenheit thermometer. Muriel could not keep still in her chair. How is it that the modern young woman, finding herself amid novel surroundings, invariably wriggles?

The next item was typical of the variety theatre. A well-built, nicely groomed young man, with a pleasant-speaking voice, entered in female costume. He commenced his "patter" with a very pertinent query.

"Do married men make good husbands? I've been married now for seven weeks. Before that I was on tour. My husband is a married man, and so was his father before him. Of course, Harold was married before. He tells me he didn't love her. He married because it was the thing just then in Balham. Art for Art's sake, y' know. She was a passionate woman, I believe, but Harold says she died of chilblains. I met Harold six months later at the *Times* Book Club sale. I wanted fivepennorth of Guy de Maupassant, and he had his eye on 'Love's Cross-Currents' for elevenpence. I trod on his shoulder accidentally in the second-house scramble, and we became fast friends. I shall never forget that day. He had such an amorous way of paying the 'bus fares. He said 'Two to the Elephant, please' without putting an 'h' on the elephant. When a man takes pains with his elocution, it shows he is anxious to create an impression. Now we're married, he says, 'You 'op off 'ome, H'Emly.'"

The Emotions of a Neophyte

There was more to the same effect, but I was lost in watching Muriel. At first she sat bolt upright, leaning forward in her chair. Then she edged back in her seat, and with the corners of her mouth drawn in a little, glanced around the upper parts of the house. Finally, her gaze again became concentrated on the performer, but she leant back in her chair, her chin down so that she could only just see from under the brim of her hat. Now and then her mouth tightened, but she never laughed outright. When the man had retired amidst a storm of clapping, she turned to me with a very demure expression in her lovely eyes.

"Do you think he's vulgar off the stage, Uncle? He's such a nice-shaped man, you know. What do you think?"

"*Ex pede Herculem*," I commented.

"And what does that mean, Demosthenes?"

"*Ex*—It is—*pede*—quite—*Herculem*—likely."

Muriel looked at me very closely, but went back to her chocolates.

Patriotism and Broad Humour

We were next treated to a vocal performance by a brawny young woman, who made many patriotic references to "Austeralia" and "Canadia," and announced to her gratified listeners that—

> We'll face the world, no fear,
> When Chamberlain is premeer.

The extraordinary volume of applause that greeted this young person was, I subsequently discovered, intended to indicate the intense satisfaction caused to the audience by her recent marriage.

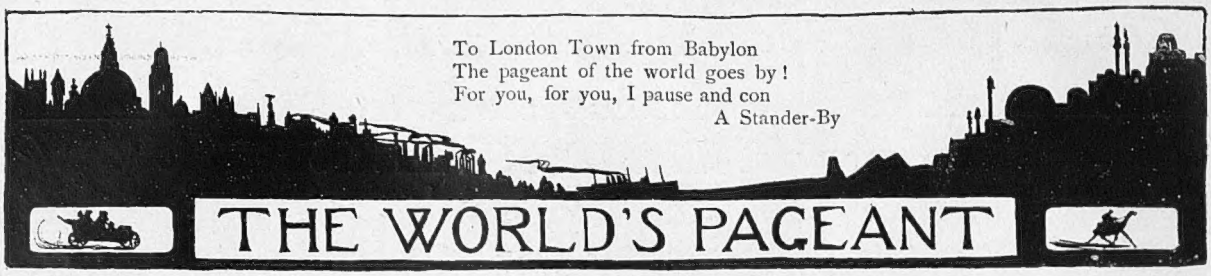
There followed Japanese acrobats; a fat, ugly elocutionist, who, in seven minutes, succeeded in violating every rule of etymology, syntax, and prosody, and probably some of the commandments; a troupe of female dancers, who waved their legs and arms while they screamed at us to "put a little bit awye for a ryny dye"; and a very, very broad-minded comedian, who compelled me to remove Muriel from the building.

Over a bowl of soup in the dining-room, Muriel later conveyed her impressions of the evening's entertainment to Mrs. Oliver.

"It was a little *outré*, and very confusing. I think you ought to know what it's like before you go if you want to enjoy it. Uncle clapped one of the girls frightfully, but I think you want to see them twice to be able to do that. There was a girl like you showing people to their seats, and the cup of tea Uncle got for me was fearful. That's all I can remember about it."

(*To be continued*)

The Topictator



The New York Election

The most complimentary thing I can say about Mr. W. R. Hearst, who has so brilliantly lost to Mr. Hughes, by a comparatively small minority, the New York State Governorship, is that he has succeeded in life in spite of the fact that his father was a rich man. It is, generally speaking, easier for the camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for the son of a rich man to achieve success on his own account. But young Hearst is an exception. Born a million-heir, the son of a successful mining operator, his first breath choked with the silver spoon of plutocracy, waving a diamond-studded rattle, sipping from a glittering crystal bottle the richest milk of the most careful cows of his native State, he nevertheless rose triumphant from his costly cradle and became a "bug" of his own design and manufacture.

* * *

Hearst's Hold on the People

He established eight daily papers, conducted a relentless anti-Trust campaign, and has contested, nearly successfully, the election for the post which is the sure stepping-stone to the Presidency. Had a man born in poverty achieved such an eminence it would have been, after all, the old, old story, of the pompous parvenu who "came to town, sir, a beggar in rags, and now——!" But for a man born in purple, who was never concerned with rags (I do not here refer to Mr. Hearst's journalistic enterprises), to have achieved so individual a niche of fame for himself, suggests a kind of greatness over and above that of the mere money-grubber. "Self-seeking demagogue," he may be, according to Mr. Roosevelt—a competent judge, surely, of demagogues!—but wrapped up with the advancement of Mr. Hearst himself is that of a great cause—the emancipation of the States from the Trusts. How firm a hold the campaign has on the American people has been proved by the poll. Being more interested in the personality of the man than in the merits of his politics, I sincerely hope that he is only "hearsed," as the New York wags have it, for a while, and that 1910 will see him New York Governor, and 1912 (failing his nomination in 1908) President of the United States. One likes to see the biggest man win, be he big saint or big scoundrel, and if London City were

Photo *A. Craske*

The late Mr. George Herring

Bookmaker, financier, and philanthropist, of whom the general public knew little, but whose hand was ever open to the poor and suffering. By his will, he leaves over half a million to charity

only one of the electoral districts of New York State—and I rather hope the time is not far distant when we shall be allowed to take part in these amusing contests—it would, to a man, have plumped for Hearst.

* * *

The Late Mr. George Herring

Reading an account of Mr. George Herring's life from the pen of that picturesque writer, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, one feels inclined to exclaim, "Saint George Herring." Yet "Saint" he, fortunately, was not. He was just a human being, though extremely kind and, above all, interesting. His career has been a mixture of business, adventure, and romance. His parentage was a subject he never discussed, and "Who's Who" is silent about his early years. He made his *début* in the commercial world by selling mutton pies on the Downs! Whether he was successful in this particular branch or not history does not say, but of this we are certain, his first money was made on the racecourse.

After that, he appears to have dabbled in stocks and shares, and then floated and directed big companies, making a colossal fortune in a very short time. Yet, in spite of the fact that his money was partly made on the racecourse, everybody trusted him, and in business matters he was never considered anything but "straight."

* * *

His Unhappy Marriage

Marriage was, perhaps, his least happy speculation, although in this matter he showed all the common-sense which has never left him throughout his business career. Finding that he and his partner for life could never—and were never intended to — live together, they separated. He presented her with a beautiful house and £5,000 a year, and in his will has left her £30,000 and an annuity. In appearance, Mr. Herring was fascinating. Whether Art had come to the assistance of Nature to preserve the beautiful *corbeau* ringlets it is difficult to say, but this thick curly hair gave a strong character to his face.

When at the commencement of this year he fell a victim to the unscrupulous man who advised him to float and become a director of the Twentieth Century Club for Ladies, he swallowed his mortification like a man.

A Lady Scientist Honoured

Girton Lady's Triumph

The Royal Society has just made a progressive move in awarding Mrs. Ayrton the first medal ever granted to a woman for her unaided achievements in the world of scientific research. Mrs. Ayrton's particular "fancy" is sand ripples, and she has formulated a theory about the Goodwin Sands—which she says is "merely a huge sand ripple." She also contends that scientific research is an ideal occupation for women, as they are in the habit of putting two and two together; but I also know many members of the fair sex who, when they have put two and two together make five, so that I think we must be careful not to adopt *every* theory put forward by lady scientists. Mrs. Ayrton is the wife of Professor Ayrton, of Finsbury College, and was educated at Girton.

* * *

Lord Rossmore's Title

Lord Rossmore, like Lord Aberdeen, Lord O'Hagan, and Lord Dalkeith, the heir to the Duke of Buccleuch, only succeeded to his title through the tragic death of his brother, the fourth baron. The late Lord Rossmore was a dashing and popular officer of the Guards. Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, during the latter part of her life, seldom went to the races; but on one particular occasion—in March, 1874—she drove on the Windsor Road in order to watch the race for the Guards' Cup in the Windsor Steeplechase. Lord Rossmore rode in the race. His horse fell at one of the fences, and, in the Queen's presence, he received mortal injury. The present Lord Rossmore, therefore, who himself was only a sub-lieutenant in the 21st Lancers at the time, succeeded his brother within a month of his twenty-first birthday, and eight years before he married Lady Rossmore, who was a daughter of Mr. Richard Christopher Naylor, of Kelmarsh Hall, Northamptonshire. Lady Rossmore rejoices in the uncommon name of Mittie, and her interest in things Irish is only exceeded by that of Her Grace the Duchess of Abercorn.

Photo *Lafayette*

Lady Rossmore

Whose husband, Lord Rossmore, has just presented the Duke of Connaught with the Star of the Order of St. Patrick

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The Marquis de Soveral

The Portuguese Minister in London, and a personal friend of the King and Queen

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mrs. Ayrton

To whom the Royal Society has awarded the first medal ever won by a woman for unaided scientific research

A Perfect Courtier

The Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Minister to the Court of St. James's, is the *beau-idéal* of a courtier, and to this most excellent quality he adds the advantages of being a statesman of distinction and a diplomatist. A birthday-party at Sandringham or a shoot-and-act party at Chatsworth would in neither case be complete without him. In the art of pleasing he has, by constant practice, become a past master, and he is honoured by the warm friendship not only of the King, but also of the Queen and the Princess Victoria. He is nicknamed by his intimates "The Blue Monkey"—a soubriquet he seems rather to enjoy. Though he comes of an old and distinguished family, the Marquis is by no means wealthy. His popularity, therefore, can be attributed to his amiability and charming manners alone, and not in any degree to the adventitious aid of great wealth or important connections.

* * *

The Stokers' Riot

The general public opinion on the recent naval stoker riots at Portsmouth seems to be: "Oh, these men are drawn from the lowest strata of society, and if they, therefore, lack discipline and level-headedness they must be put down with a stern hand." It is true that, as a general rule, the stoker comes from a lower grade than other ranks in the Navy, but the fact must not be lost sight of that a stoker's duties, besides being of a most arduous nature, need at the same time a very definite amount of training, and in time of actual warfare a whole ship's fighting efficiency depends on the men "down below." These, on the other hand, have to bear all the strain and horror of battle without any of its attendant glamour and excitement, for what chance have they if a boat founders? Insubordination must be quelled if discipline is to be maintained, but care must be taken that full justice is given, else in time of need it will be found that there is an insufficiency of men for the duties required.

The Mishap to Mr. Hearst

Mrs. W. R. Hearst and her son

Mr. W. R. Hearst
Defeated for the Governorship of New York State by Mr. Hughes by a majority of about 55,000

LATEST BULLETIN

THOUGH slightly shaken by his recent electoral accident in New York, Mr. Hearst is continuing his journey to Washington, and will in due course arrive at the White House.

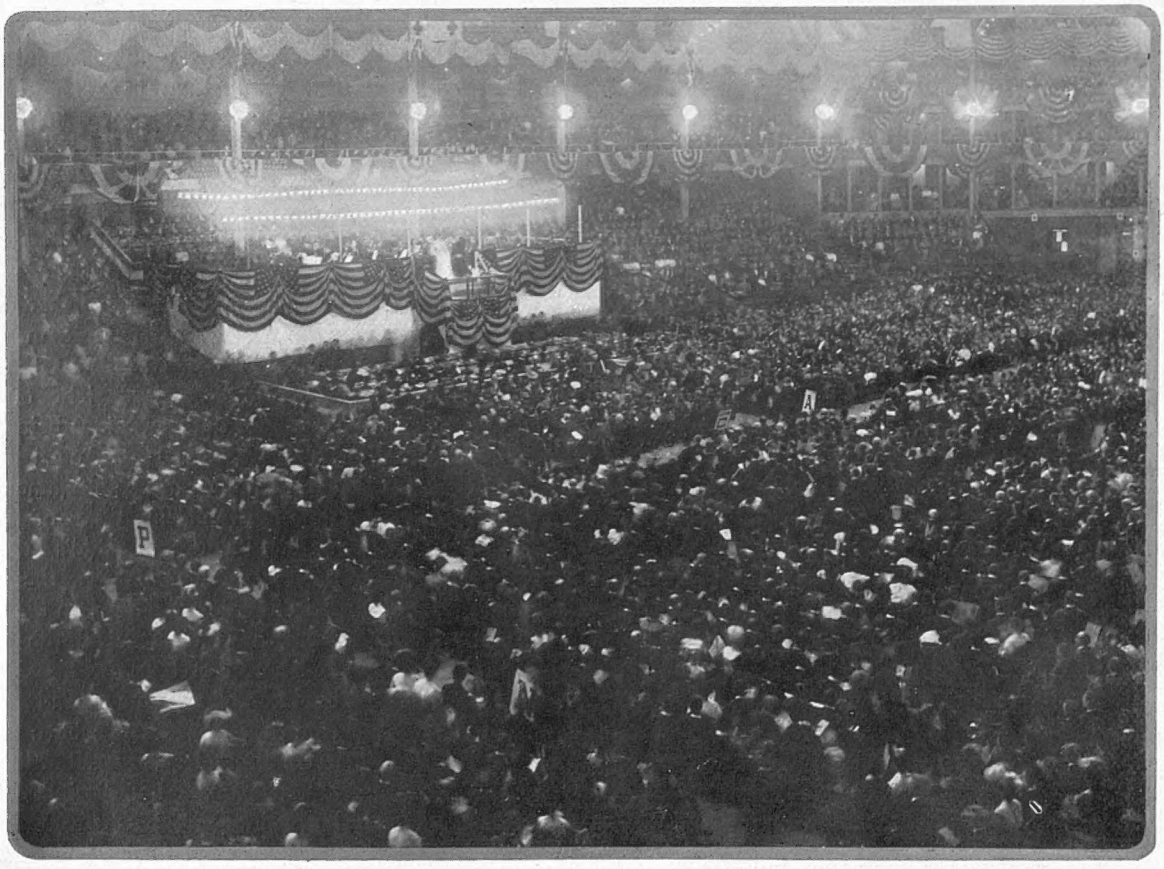


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Hearst addressing a meeting at Madison Square Gardens, in the centre of New York City, shortly before his defeat

MONOPOLY LODGE WANTS THIS KIND OF GOVERNOR!—DO YOU?

AND THEY'RE BETTING THREE TO ONE THAT HE'LL VOTE FOR THEM!

SOME OF THE CARTOONS WHICH NEARLY GOT MR. HEARST THE NEW YORK GOVERNORSHIP

(Reproduced by kind permission of the "New York American Journal Examiner")

NO COMPLAINT TO MAKE

PHOTOGRAPHING 'EM FOR THE ROGUES' GALLERY

HUGHES BUTTONS AND ALL!

To Kneel or Not to Kneel?

THAT IS THE QUESTION WHICH CAUSED A SORT OF NAVAL MUTINY AT PORTSMOUTH

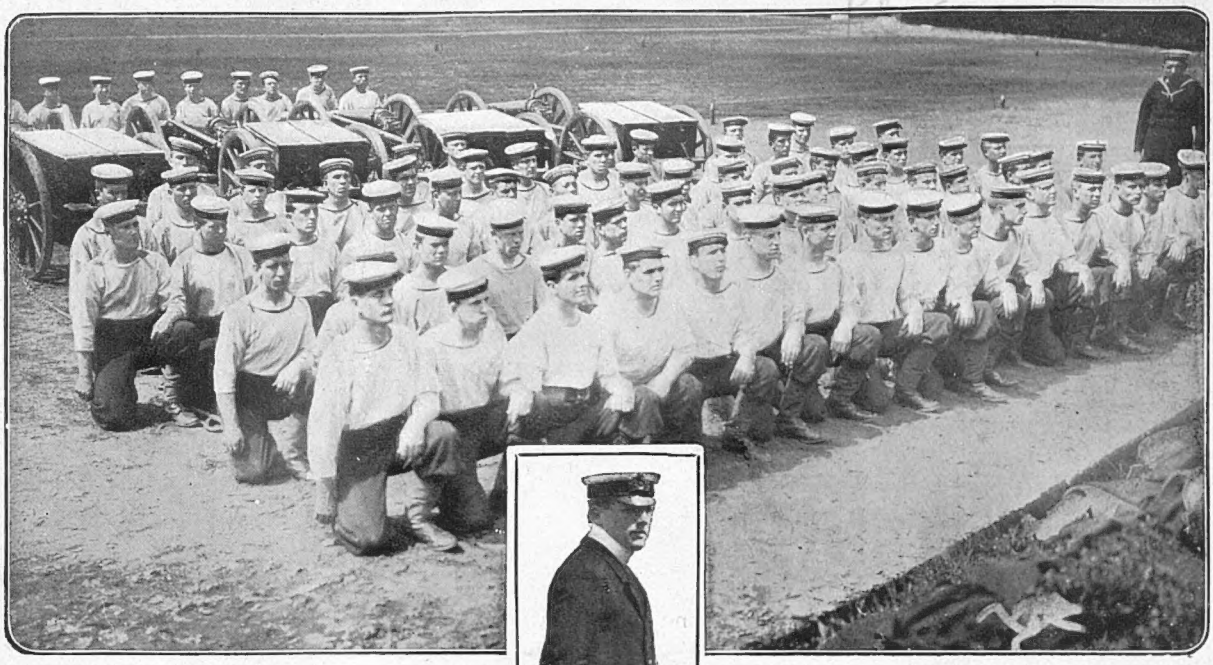


Photo *Cribb*

In favour of the "kneeling" order

His Majesty's bluejackets, who do not mind going "down on the knee" while being addressed by an officer

Photo *Cribb*

Lieut. Collard

Who gave the order for the men to kneel

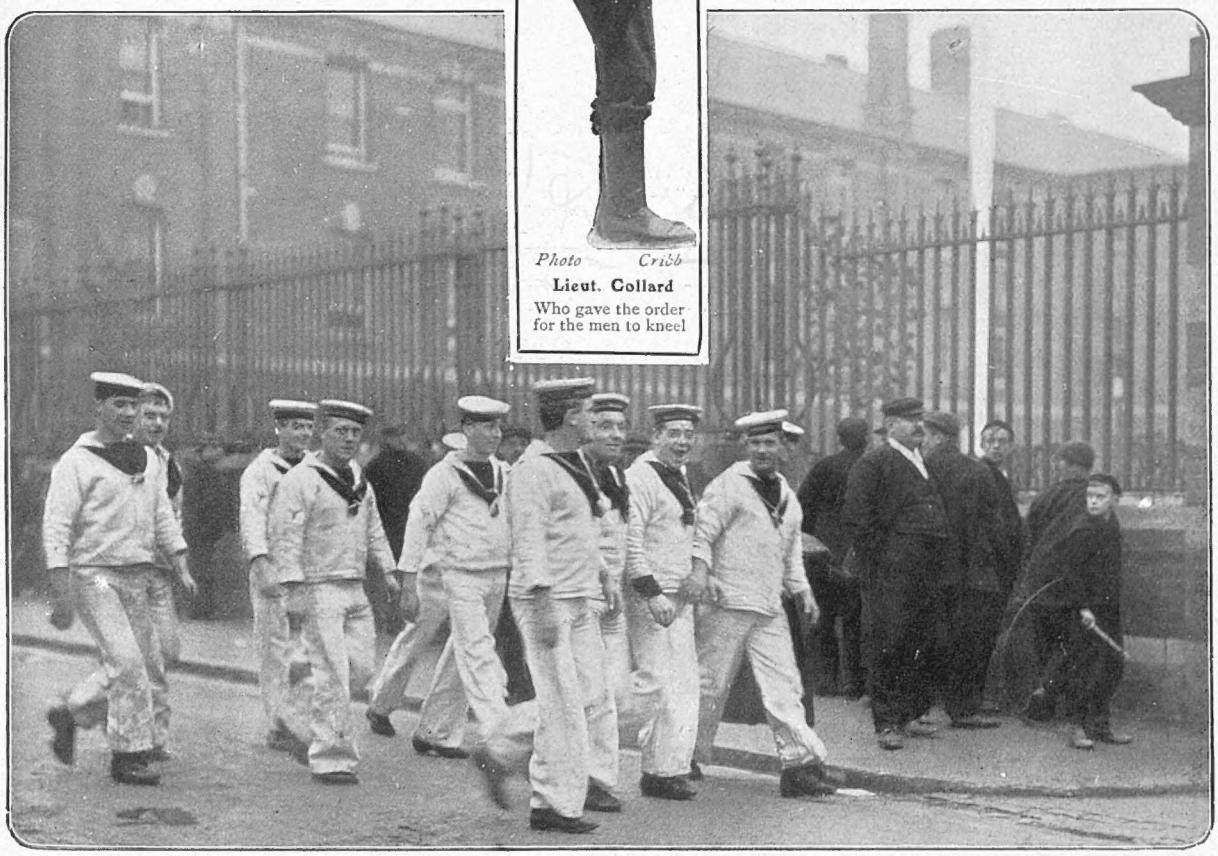


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Against the "kneeling" order

His Majesty's stokers, who do not mind bowing the knee to the Deity, but object to doing so to their officers

Serious riots took place on Sunday and Monday last week at the Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, among the stokers. The real cause of the outbreak is said to be owing to their being commanded to kneel by a young officer, in order that he might see them all. This was, however, misunderstood. Detachments were landed from the ships to quell the rioters, and some damage was done to the officers' quarters

A Grandmother and a Grand Duchess

Photos

Lady Helmsley

Who has just had a son and heir. As Lady Marjorie Greville, eldest daughter of Lady Warwick, she married Viscount Helmsley in 1904

A Grand Ducal Betrothal

In accordance with the time-honoured fashion of Russian news, the announcement of the betrothal of the widowed Grand Duchess Serge of Russia to the Grand Duke Nicholas has already been categorically denied. There is, however, every reason to believe that the marriage of the Grand Duchess will not be long delayed, and an alliance with the Grand Duke Nicholas, who is a cousin, once removed, of the Tsar, their common grandfather having been the Tsar Alexander II., would be in every way suitable. The Grand Duchess Serge, whose husband was assassinated early last year, is, of course, a daughter of the late Princess Alice, a sister of the Tsarina, and quite the best-looking of Queen Victoria's grand-daughters. As for the Grand Duke, well, he, I understand, is rather less troublesome to the community at large than are the majority of Grand Dukes, of whom a Russian Prime Minister once said that a clean sweep should be made if Russia were ever to become a civilised and prosperous country.

* * *

The House of Romanoff

The House of Romanoff, however, comprising, as it does, some fifty or sixty members, is not to be disposed of in such drastic fashion, in spite of the fact that all classes in Russia look upon the Grand Ducal community with suspicion and ill-will. They, the Grand Dukes, hold enormous power, for they have the "family" ear of the Tsar. They stand ever at the Tsar's side, and by their smiles or their sneers constantly undo all the good the very best of Ministers ever succeed in doing. They are, indeed, an ever-pressing thorn in the side of the Ministers of State. They precipitated the war with Japan. They did their best to prevent its successful operation. In fact, there is little happening of disastrous moment in Russia in which the Grand Dukes are not mixed up. The Grand Duke Michael, the Tsar's brother, is about the only one amongst them who does not meddle in State affairs. It is only fair, however, to remember that, as they are the *bêtes noires* of the people, so also are they the scapegoats, and nothing untoward or unfortunate ever happens in Russia without the blame being laid on the shoulders of one or several of the Grand Dukes.

The Grand Duchess Serge of Russia

Who, a year after the assassination of her husband the Grand Duke Serge, has become engaged to the Grand Duke Nicholas

Lallie Charles

Lady Warwick and her two youngest children

The beautiful and Socialistic Countess of Warwick is probably the most youthful grandmother in Society, her daughter, Lady Helmsley, having two children

* * *

A Youthful Grandmother

It is a wise child, they say, that knows its own father. It is, however, in this day of grace, a very much wiser child that knows its own grandmother. The birth of a son to Viscountess Helmsley, *née* Lady Marjorie Greville, makes the beautiful, ever-youthful, Socialistic Countess of Warwick not only a grandmother, but also a double-event grandmother, for Lady Helmsley, who was married in 1904, already has a baby-daughter. The Countess of Warwick's youngest child, which is also a girl, is not yet three years old, not having come into this vale of tears until some time after her sister, Lady Helmsley's marriage. This rather belated baby is, if I remember rightly, called June, or is it July? Lord Helmsley, who is the Member for the Thirsk Division of Yorkshire, is heir to Lord Feversham, whose grandson he is, and to whose title his little son will eventually succeed.

Mutiny Hero's Son's Marriage

More Soap

I am indebted to a lady correspondent for the following comment on the soap question :—

"Really, I don't care a bit whether my Vinolia or the housemaid's Sunlight weighs 16 oz. or 15 $^{15}/_{16}$ oz. If Mr. Lever wants that $^{1}/_{16}$ part and finds it useful—well, I make him a present of it. I rather suspect, too, that the bulk of the public is entirely, if shamefacedly, at one with me in this doubtless slack and reprehensible state of mind. Of course, we are all extremely grateful to the *Mail* and kindred papers for all the trouble they are taking in this soap matter. But I cannot help thinking that the *Mail* is doing, in a nice, quiet, gentlemanly way, rather more harm than good by these disclosures. I know several cooks, or, rather, I know their hitherto placid, but now distracted, mistresses, who are in a state bordering on despair, because these cooks, bored to extinction by the extra work entailed by the weighing of every piece of soap, have 'given notice on the spot.' Other cooks of more amenable disposition, but of firm purpose, have point-blank refused to do without their little bit of Sunlight, and have continued to buy and use their short-weight with a disregard of their mistresses' entreaties, and a contempt of the *Mail's* fevered instructions, which can only be described as callous. Therefore, why bother? It seems quite futile, and, as I have shown, it causes 'more trouble.'"

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. W. H. Lever, M.P.

Head of the Sunlight business, who declines to be either pulled or pushed by those who are agitating themselves so much about a Soap Trust

* * *

A New Cricket Captain

The new Leicestershire Cricket Captain, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, comes of a very old and interesting family. The thirteenth baron of his line, his first titled ancestor was Sir Thomas Hesilrige, Knight of Noseley, Leicestershire, who, as High Sheriff of his county, was created a baronet in 1622. One of this baronet's sons was buried in Westminster Abbey, but, after the Restoration, his body was disinterred and thrown into a common pit in the churchyard. Soon after this, the surname was changed from Hesilrige to Hazlerigg by Royal Letters Patent. Sir Arthur is married to the daughter of Mr. John Buxton.

AN INTERESTING MILITARY ENGAGEMENT

Photos

Miss Margaret Melles

Daughter of Mr. J. W. Melles, of Sewardstone, Essex

H. Walter Barnett

Lieut. W. G. K Gough, of the 15th Sikh Regiment

Son of General Sir Hugh Gough, K.C.B., V.C., who is the keeper of the Crown Jewels, and served through the Indian Mutiny

The Fuss About a Soap Trust

THE TRIVIAL TABLET WHICH MAKES US SHINE

ABOUT WHICH A SHINE IS NOW BEING MADE

Raw materials arriving at the works
The oil and tallow is brought to the factory in huge casks, and is then sucked out by a steam pipe, which can be seen in the floor

The fat is conveyed by pipes to the vats for boiling in the copper room, where it is saponified

Toilet soap mills tearing soap into shreds

Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

Stamping out cakes of scented fancy soap **Trimming and packing toilet soaps before sending to the shops**

So much comment and interest has now been raised on every side by the attempt to make a corner in that useful household article—soap, that it is interesting to see the various stages in its manufacture from the time it enters the factory in the form of unpleasant looking oil, fat, and tallow, till it leaves it in attractively got-up and scented packages. The photographs were taken at Messrs. D. and W. Gibbs's soap manufactory

Actually an Actress!

MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE'S TRIUMPH IN "THE MORALS OF MARCUS"

Carlotta (Miss Carlisle) when she first met Sir Marcus

After having known Sir Marcus quite a while, she receives attentions from Mr. Pasquale (Mr. Eadie)

In Miss Alexandra Carlisle, Mr. Bourchier has been fortunate to hit upon an actress of real worth, and not one who, merely by a pretty face and figure, attracts an audience, though, owing to Mr. Bourchier's dispute with the Press, her merits have not received due publicity

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

The Last Scene: Sir Marcus Ordeyne proposes to Carlotta (Miss Alexandra Carlisle)

Miss Carlisle is a Yorkshire girl, and was engaged as a typist in the West End. Her first appearance on the stage was in a minor part in *The Catch of the Season* at the Vaudeville. Mr. Goodwood, the well-known American manager, noticed her, and he gave her a part in *The Gilded Fool*, followed by *An American Citizen*, in the latter of which she made a tremendous hit, before Mr. Bourchier secured her for his play

ROUND THE TOWN

An Amateur Theatre

London is threatened with—or should I say promised—a theatre for amateur performances. Many will contend that in this there is but little novelty, for at only too many playhouses are amateur performances — amateur in authorship, stagecraft, and acting — to be witnessed just at present. To appease these cynics, therefore, it should be added that the theatre is intended for performances by those who are not professionally on the stage. The promoter of the scheme is Miss Mouillot, and though it is announced that she is "associated with Mr. J. T. Grein," arch-champion of lost theatrical causes, I am sure I hope success will crown her efforts. The theatre will hold over eight hundred people, and will be let to the Societies which come forward as shareholders at the reduced rate of fifteen guineas per performance inclusive, the ordinary terms being £25, not inclusive.

* * *

Mr. Shaw Then and Now

Mr. Bernard Shaw, who managed to inflict his usual advertisement upon a long-suffering Press in connection with the sad story of the daughters of Cobden, has been booming once more with *Man and Superman* at the Court. This play has most of the characteristics of his other productions—boldness, *insouciance*, gaiety, and a perfect trust in the harvest of the long years during which the lively author has kept his name, his diet, his didactics, well before that gullible old dear, the British Public. Although all the critics now come to bless him, he writes no better nor worse than in the old days of *Arms and the Man*. Some time in the last century, when that play was running to crowded houses—of guests—we remember being told that a very Great Personage interested in the stage came to see the play. He courteously waited until the curtain *rose* on the last act, and then quickly withdrew. Someone who wanted to understand the then rising wave of G. B. S'ence asked for an opinion. "The man's mad" was all that was said. Of course, all that's far away and long ago, and Mr. Shaw has since made for himself the position of one of those Victorian jesters who only had to say, "Pass the mustard," to set the table on a roar, and the Court Theatre has had the courage of G. B. S.'s opinions, and all goes merrily—for the moment. It is our experience, however, that the lesser lights of the stage have only to become sufficiently well known to be completely hated — we could name a dozen playwrights of our time who have been made to feel this unpleasing reverse. Where the amusing Tom, the ingenious Dick, and the satirical Harry have suffered, we see no reason why the self-satisfied George should escape.

Photo **Miss Mouillot** [*Annie Bell*
Who is founding an amateur theatre for London

* * *

A G. B. S. "Tragedy"

Mr. Shaw calls his new play a tragedy, so we may suppose that *The Doctor's Dilemma*, to be produced on the 20th at the Court, is something quite other. He used to complain that his serious plays were acted like farces, and that the more he insisted on vital things, the more he amused. He has now, no doubt, written a farce about death and called it a tragedy, so that, by the laws of contrariety, of which he has complained, his disguised jokes will be met with laughter and light smiles, and, at last, a performance of his will obtain the particular sort of reception the author desires. We understand that this has not been so in America, where Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson have been successful with *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, which the Americans insist on receiving as a huge joke, although Mr. Shaw, of course, means it to be something else—but equally, of course, he won't tell us what.

* * *

Plays That Are Running

Several plays have been running into long figures this week. *The Man from Blankley's* and the lively *Dairymaids* have both reached two hundred nights; *His House in Order* is as fresh as ever at something over three hundred; and the popular *Amasis*, at the New, celebrated its hundredth performance on Friday, when Miss Hart Dyke added to the gaiety of the play by her excellent dancing, and Mr. Rutland Barrington was permitted to amuse us in the first as well as the second act.

* * *

London's Seaside Suburb

A good many hard things have been said of London suburbia—but then the lower middle-class is quite satisfied, and it doesn't matter—but there is one outlying part of London at least that is greatly enjoyed at this time of year. We claim Brighton as part, and a most agreeable part, of our octopus-cosmopolitan-metropolis. A sun-lit November by the sea, with all the mundane advantages of a big city, and none of the worries and long distances of town life, is evidently very much appreciated. "The front," that vast and airy expanse of good road, blue sky, lively sea, and livelier people, is at its best just now, about the time of the fall of the leaf. For there are very

The Author of "Amāsis"

few leaves to fall at Brighton other than those of the neat little bay trees that graced the promenades this year. But the great charm of this suburb is that it always remains young, and flatters us with the hint that we do the same. Those long rows of splendid houses, broken by an occasional brilliant hotel or cosy square, have not aged a day in the years we have known them, and the people and the spirit of the place are both perennially young and welcoming. The lines a charming poet wrote many years ago are equally true to-day:—

> If you approve of flirtations, good dinners,
> Seascapes divine which the merry winds whiten,
> Nice little saints and nice little sinners—
> Winter in Brighton.

Then, if you chance to be a theatre-goer, there are some very amusing shows at Brighton, and London is at home at the Theatre Royal on Thursday afternoons. For example, this week Mr. Bourchier will send the Garrick Theatre Company.

* * *

In Suburbia

It is not very surprising that our suburban friends do not flock in the numbers they might to the west-end theatres when one considers that in nine cases out of ten they can see the original west-end companies at a theatre situated much nearer their doors, thus saving a tiresome journey in train, omnibus, or cab. Then there is the monetary side to consider. A stall in the suburbs can be secured for three or four shillings, and other parts of the theatre are proportionately cheap. The entire Wyndham's Theatre company in *The Girl Behind the Counter*, with the exception of Miss Marie Dainton, who is fulfilling an engagement at the Pavilion, is touring the suburbs just now. Recently it visited the Camden, one of Mr. Robert Arthur's handsome theatres. The cast included Mr. Hayden Coffin, Miss Isabel Jay, Misses Violet Crossley, Violet Englefield, Helene Rose, and Kathleen Courtney; Messrs. J. F. McArdle, Fred Allandale, G. D. Burnaby, Lionel Victor, and George Barrett. Such a strong company would be hard to beat, and the theatre was packed to the doors. Mr. McArdle is exceedingly comic as General Sir Wilkie Willoughby, but he brings back recollections of George Graves as the General in *The Little Michus*, and the comparison is all in favour of the latter. Mr. Hayden Coffin is characteristically theatrical in his gestures in the first act, but restrains himself somewhat in the second. He had splendid opportunities for displaying his fine voice. Miss Isabel Jay looks as pretty as ever, and sings with her usual charm. Perhaps the most enjoyable character was the waiter, played by Mr. George Barrett. One would have liked to have seen a little more of him. The piece is a good one, and is set to charming music. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Howard Talbot, the composer. A useful innovation at this theatre is the time-table of trains and 'buses contained in the programme.

Photo Copyright **Mr. Frederick Fenn** [*The Bystander*

Author of *Amasis*, nursing on his knee the "plot" of that excellent comic opera (*i.e.* a cat). *Amasis* has just reached its hundredth performance at the "New"

* * *

Alexandra Theatre

At the beautiful Alexandra Theatre, Stoke Newington, the other evening, I witnessed a performance of W. W. Jacobs's *Beauty and the Barge*. Mr. Arthur Hardy's company was quite good and very amusing, and I have seldom spent a more hilarious evening at the play. Mr. Ewart Drake, as the little barman, was extremely good. Captain Barley was very well played by Mr. Blake Adams, and Miss May Fairclough made a very pretty and mischievous Ethel Smedley. The piece was preceded by *Jerry and a Sunbeam*. The attraction this week is Mr. Karno's company in *Saturday to Monday*.

* * *

Concerning Mr. Fenn

Mr. Frederick Fenn, whose *Amāsis*, as I previously remarked, reached its hundredth performance this week, has written a great deal for the stage in various ways. With Mr. Richard Pryce, the novelist, he produced *Saturday to Monday*, which had a considerable run at the St. James's, and some short pieces dealing more especially with certain aspects of east-end life. His work alone has received the *cachet* of a production at the Court Theatre, that home and forcing-ground of new men, while Mr. James Welch has acted very successfully in a one-act play of his in London and in distant parts of the world. America has seen and welcomed some of his work; two or three pieces have been translated for consumption abroad. His portrait shows him in his habit as he lives, the quiet friend of his blue Persian cat — the inspirer, possibly, of *Amāsis*. Like Mr. Labouchere, he "not infrequently smokes a cigarette." He views life with calm, observant eyes, and the future with composure.

York House Passes to a Parsee

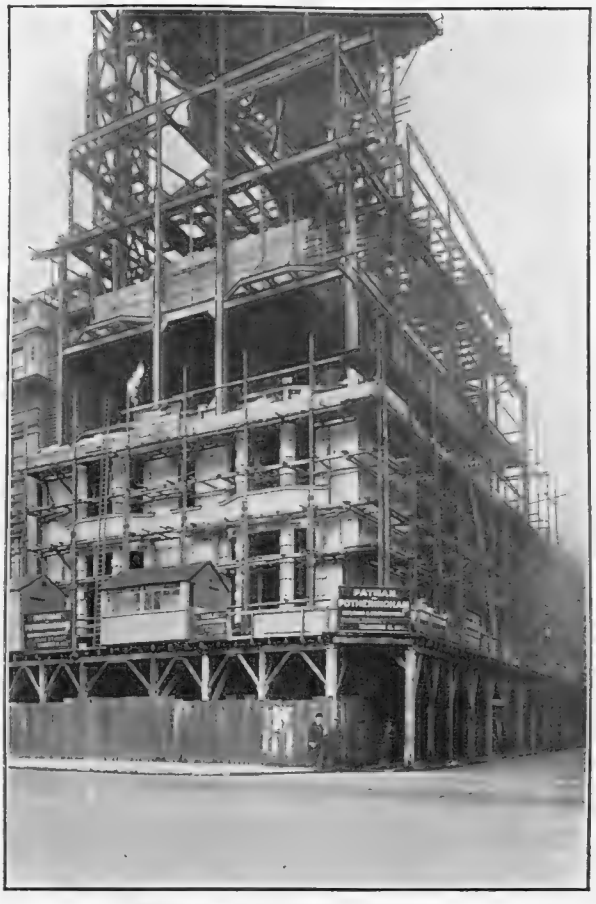
Historic House Sold

The revival of interest in the old houses just outside London, which the agreeable art of motoring has brought about, and which we mentioned the other day, has, we presume, been responsible for the private sales of two extremely interesting houses, which were threatened with the arbitrament of the hammer. We trust that Mr. Ratan J. Tata, a Parsee gentleman, to whom the Duc d'Orléans's fine old place at Twickenham has fallen, may preserve the style of the house in which Queen Anne was born, and carry on the graceful hospitalities of Horace Walpole's friend, Mrs. Damer, who lived there late in the eighteenth century. The Orléans family have been connected with Twickenham for over one hundred years.

* * *

Ancaster House

Another house, also recently sold, which has a more directly Georgian interest, is the fine Ancaster House, opposite the Star and Garter, and just by the gates of Richmond Park. An ideal place for the sort of *pseudo*-town house which is now becoming fashionable. Its charming position, overlooking the wide lawns of the Park, its characteristic eighteenth-century architecture, and its greatly convenient site—how long would it take *your* Panhard to reach Buckingham Gate?—will make it greatly sought after. These fine old places were, until recently, neglected, or turned into short-lived club-houses for Cockney riparians. We trust, however, that, at last, taste is somewhat restored to us, and that one of the more charming *coteries* of that mart we call Society, will revive the pleasant parties of Clive and Garrick, and of Walpole.



"There shall be flats in Park Lane!"
Sacrilegious as it seems, the West-End thoroughfare, hitherto sacred to residential purposes, is now being invaded by flats, of the extent and style of which the above photograph gives an idea

Photos Copyright *The Bystander.*

A HISTORIC HOUSE SAVED FROM THE HAMMER

York House, Twickenham, the home of the Duc d'Orleans, in which Queen Anne was born, has been sold to Mr. Ratan J. Tata, a Parsee gentleman

The Mayor's Mystic Pageant

Friday's Grey But Gracious Function

Until just now I have, rather by design than accident, avoided the great shows of the Lord Mayor. As is the case with most abstinences, I immensely regret these neglected opportunities. It seems to me to be an altogether delightful performance, full of meaning, symbolic of our London life at its best, freighted with the feeling of a great people, and, above all, sublimely picturesque. Coming to the exhibition with all the freshness of the child in these matters, with the divine perception of the artist, and an utter lack of knowledge of the personages employed in the long line of spectacle, I saw before me a pageant of pure beauty. Masked by the quaintly constructed streets, lightly clothed in the native mists of the Metropolis, the Show presented a gorgeous picture of gold and crimson, environed by an atmosphere grey but gracious, such as no other city in the world can produce.

* * *

Its Symbolic Portent

It is possible that there were personages and personalities in the picture, but to me it was just a magic colour-show—a rich harvest for the meditative eye, a poem in progress — unmarred by loudly spoken word and unrobbed of its ethereal grace, even by the harmonies of earthly music. I do not quite know what calls forth these pageants; but if it be necessary, I trust that there will be many new Lord Mayors elected this year so that these displays of simple beauty and modest taste may accustom the uncultivated to a mystic sense of the glories that are life, and teach the man in the street something of the desire of the moth for the star, of the night for the morrow, the devotion to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow.

Photo *Weston*

The new Lord Mayor, the Right Hon. Sir William Treloar

* * *

Fashions as They Are Written

The following, so far as I can remember, is the gist of a typical fashion article which I, in a moment of complete abstraction, actually *read* the other day. I should be extremely grateful if any lady reader of THE BYSTANDER, well up in the language of fashions, would be good enough to translate it for me :—

Le dernier cri du snobisme is to rush in triumphantly where angels would fear to combine. *Violet d'Aurore* is used with *Jeanne d'Œuf*, *Bleu des Rêves* with *Rouge saucisson*, and with the most *seyant* results. I saw the other day an inspired example on a fair *mondaine's chapeau*, a battlefield of *queues de-poulet* in *Rose fondant* waving wildly over a bed of tulle *vert salade*. Her gown was a poetic *liaison* of these tints, and the *tout-ensemble*—adorably *bien-porté*, and absolutely *dans le mouvement*. Remarkable above all were the new lines of her figure. *Plus de hanches* is the cry of the *élégantes*, and no wraith rising from a misty mere, no *souffle idéal de femme et de rêve* is more *svelte* than they are.

L'Art est difficile, and the new figure not the least difficult of the Arts. Who shall say what it costs in brocade and whalebone and *fine malines*, and, above all, in adipose suppressed, sent wandering where it was never meant to wander? But *le Martyre de la Mode* hides all beneath a smiling exterior, foregoes bravely the last crumpet of her afternoon tea and all her after-luncheon sleep—and why? Because there are no more hips worn to-day!

* *

A Sportsman's Show

Sportsmen who like to see their shooting and hunting represented by a painter of their own world will welcome the pictures now hung at the Grafton Gallery, where the portraits and sporting pictures from the brush of the late Mr. Archibald Stuart-Wortley are to be seen. There are lots of clever paintings of well-known people, and not a few, alas, of those who, like the artist, have passed away. Good as some of these are, there is more of the painter's personality to be found in the third gallery, where "Partridge Driving," "Grouse on the Moors," and the like, show his work at the finest, for he was an acute observer in this department of life, and reproduced what he saw with painstaking care and a touch of that fine spirit which shows the artist loves his subject.

* * *

In Bond Street

Among the other galleries, Mr. Paterson, in Old Bond Street, has a collection of the pictures of the late Mr. Evelyn Osborn, whose interesting work is based upon the tenets of Whistler. "Twilight and Low Tide," "The Quadrant by Night," show something more of effort than achievement; but there are many very agreeable examples here of a side of art that will be more and more cultivated as time goes on.

* * *

"The Society of Twelve"

At Obach's, there is a pleasing feeling of homeliness and intimacy. "The Society of Twelve" are indulging the public in their third exhibition of such works as the Twelve themselves like. As one passes through the quiet rooms, it is as though Mr. Charles Ricketts or Mr. Strang were showing you just a few studies from life, and odd trifles which, without being for the world at large, could be appreciated by the fit and few, among whom, of course, they include their visitor or guest. Taken in this spirit, Mr. Rickett's four studies will interest, and Mr. Conder's "Offrande" and "Imperia" appear delightful. This last artist's work shows no little weakness, however, in the lithographs which are hung in another room. Mr. A. E. Johns has some tentative trifles. "The Bathers" is typical of his more brutal method. Mr. Gordon Craig is a little more ambitious than usual, and Mr. Muirhead Bone's London drawings

Scenes at the Show

A novelty at the Show

The new electric ambulance, used by the police this year for the first time

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Not Suffragettes! Merely ex-Mayors

Procession of previous holders of the Chief Magistracy passing through the street. (In the distance, with their strange costumes and badges, they looked like Suffragettes, but there was no panic)

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lord Mayor's coach (with coachman) passing along Fleet Street

The procession of the "Children's Mayor," Sir William Treloar, through the City on Friday last was the most successful for several years, and has given this ancient pageant a new lease of life. Besides the Lord Mayor himself, the procession of old-time mayors in costume of the period, the Legion of Frontiersmen, the Worthing Life Boat, and the Crimean veterans, the chief centre of interest was the Ragged School Union Car, with its guard of honour formed by the 97th London Company of the Boys' Brigade

Miss Pankhurst Sketches a Prison Sketch

are extremely sympathetic and clever. Mr. Strang's "Silenus" is a pleasing decoration, but does not reproduce very well in black and white, and Mr. C. H. Shannon's work reminds one a little of some sketches by Degas, that students used to bring home from Paris.

* * *

At the Tivoli

An unusually merry company fleets the hours away at the Tivoli just now. The amusing "Follies" are giving "The Buster of Bath" for the last week at this music-hall; Miss Ada Colley, the phenomenal soprano, makes the plain man wish she was not quite so phenomenal; Mr. Gus Elen

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mullins

The Covent Garden porter, who was the lucky recipient of £100 in notes, showered upon him unexpectedly by Mr. Yates, a wandering philanthropist

delights as of old; and those two almost mediæval grotesques, Little Tich and T. E. Dunville, repeat themselves—with variations—in the just faith that the public will love and welcome them in whatever guise they come. Mr. Fragson has been giving his three clever songs for so long that his admirers have a right to beg for a further jewel or two from his vast *répertoire*. There are many other entertaining people "in the bill," and not a dull moment, from the graceful appearance of Miss Edie King at eight o'clock until the curtain falls upon the admirable "Abdullah Arabs" about three hours later.

Miss Pankhurst From Holloway

The "Votes for Women" ladies are gradually emerging from the state of first-class-misdemeanour into the freedom of London. One of the latest to arrive is Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, who has been able to pass away the heavy prison days by sketching the characters about her, and inquiring into life, as it is lived, in Holloway Castle. The result is that a new interest has been added to her life, and "prison reform" will be one of her future cases. Miss Pankhurst sends us a little drawing of an almost conventional-looking old lady, who, with many other of her neighbours, has won the sympathy of this protagonist, and convinced her, more than ever, that all's wrong with the world until women vote.

* * *

Why Not?

By the way, what a charming opportunity the authorities missed in not sentencing these brave, but rather noisy, suffragists to, say, a week's custody at the "Carlton," or seven days at the "Savoy." This punishment would have served a double debt to pay, for the ladies would not have been able to claim their welcome crowns of martyrdom, and the *Daily Mail* and many other great souls, who feel, with Miss Connie Ediss, that imprisonment on present lines is "hardly the way to treat a lady," would have been satisfied.

* * *

The Fairy Godfather

It seems almost too good to be true, but everything seems to point to the fact that the Covent Garden gold-scattering stranger is a real, live, benevolent philanthropist. At first, the news of his munificence was read with suspicion by all and sundry. Many weird ways of advertising have been resorted to of late, and the public, like the fish in the Thames, are becoming less and less easy to catch. But I understand that the stranger is in no way connected with the popular Press, nor has he an interest in any Book Club. He just appears to have been wafted to Covent Garden, like some good, kind fairy. That he was possessed of not a little humour

E. Sylvia Pankhurst

Pathetic picture of a female prisoner

Drawn at Holloway by Miss Sylvia Pankhurst and presented to THE BYSTANDER

was shown when one of the lucky porters, on being offered £100 in notes, said he preferred hard cash. He received five sovereigns, while his less exacting friend, Mullins, collared the notes. After this little episode, Mr. Yates continued lavishly to scatter his welcome gold, until he left for America, two days later. The only persons dissatisfied with his stay were the servants at his hotel, who say they received not so much as a penny in the way of tips!

BYSTANDER.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

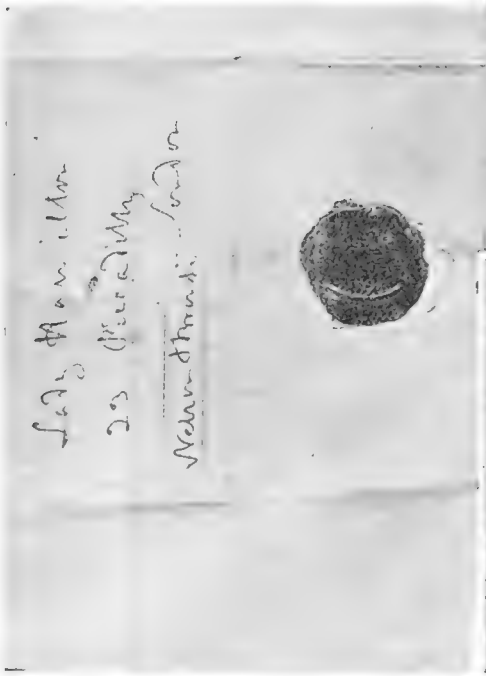
Miss Sylvia Pankhurst

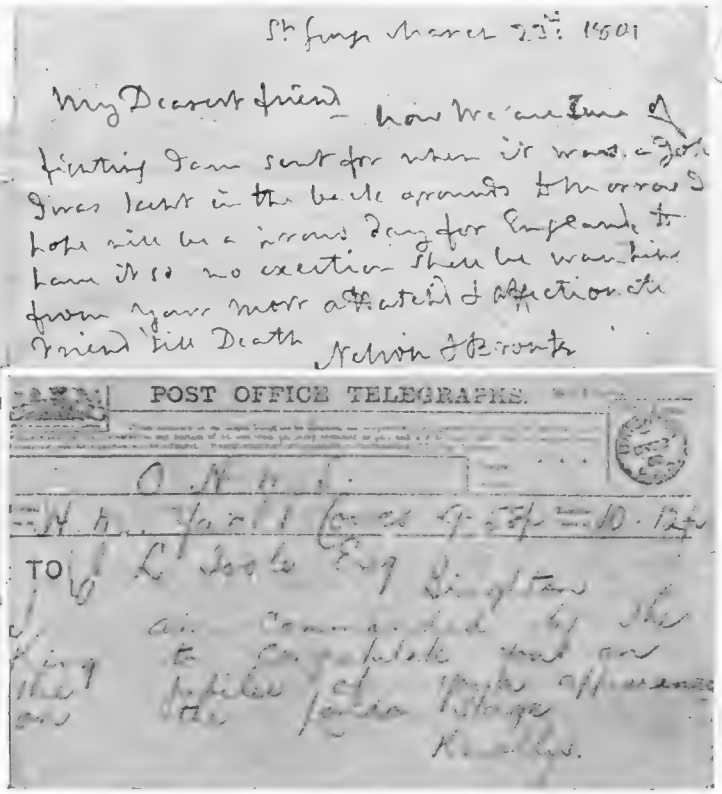
The suffragist whose release from Holloway last week was joyfully celebrated by the sisterhood

The Sale of Toole Relics

SOME OF THE ACTOR'S MOST TREASURED POSSESSIONS, WITH PRICES

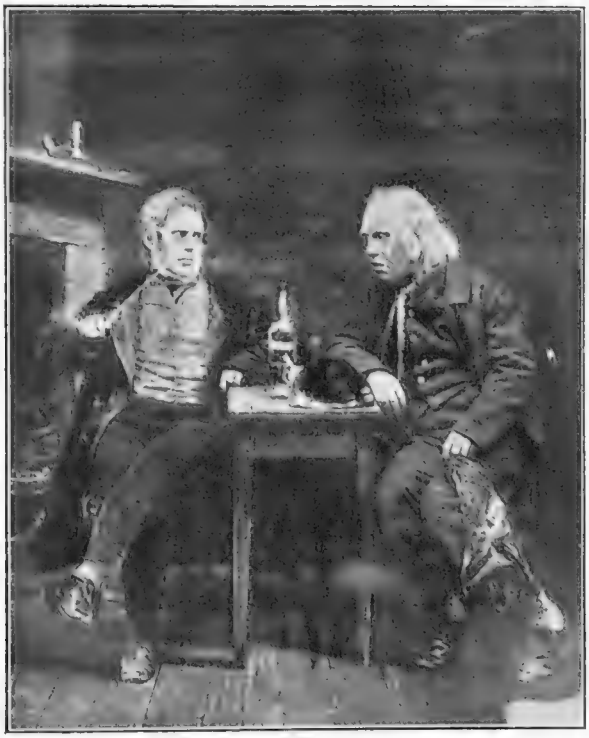
Two Dickens relics
Two beautiful wine coolers, which formerly belonged to Charles Dickens; are made of ironstone, and stand eleven and a half inches high





A Nelson letter to Lady Hamilton which fetched £38

Telegram of congratulation from the King (sold for £1 15s.)



Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

A picture of Mr. Toole and Mr. Lionel Brough in a scene from "Dearer Than Life"

A pencil sketch of Cruikshank's omnibus (sold at £17 10s.)

A ROYAL MOTHER

Photo *Exclusive News Agency*

The Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt

Who has just given birth to a son. The Kaiser has, of course, sent a telegram, which runs, "Hurrah! hurrah! for the young sprout, and hurrah for the old tree! It is understood I will be the godfather"

A RETIRING DIPLOMAT

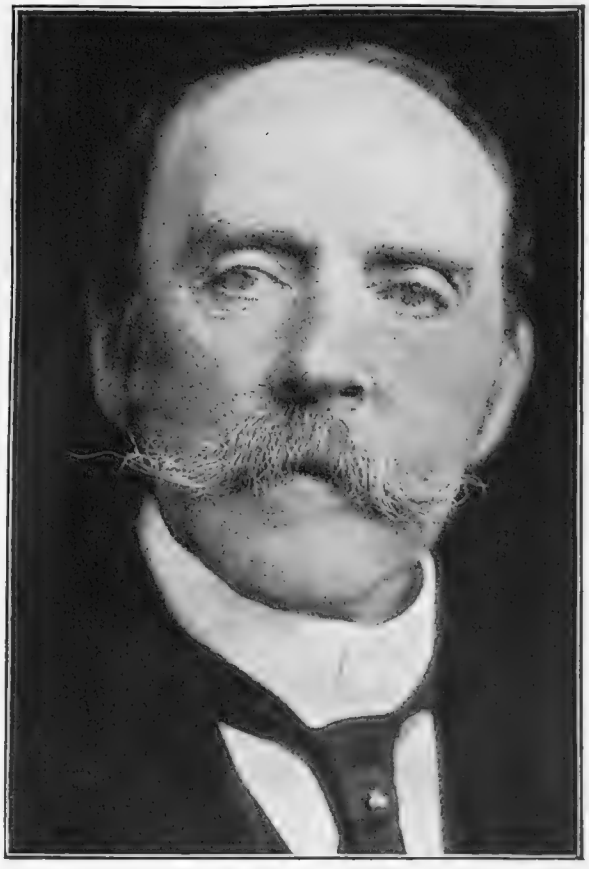
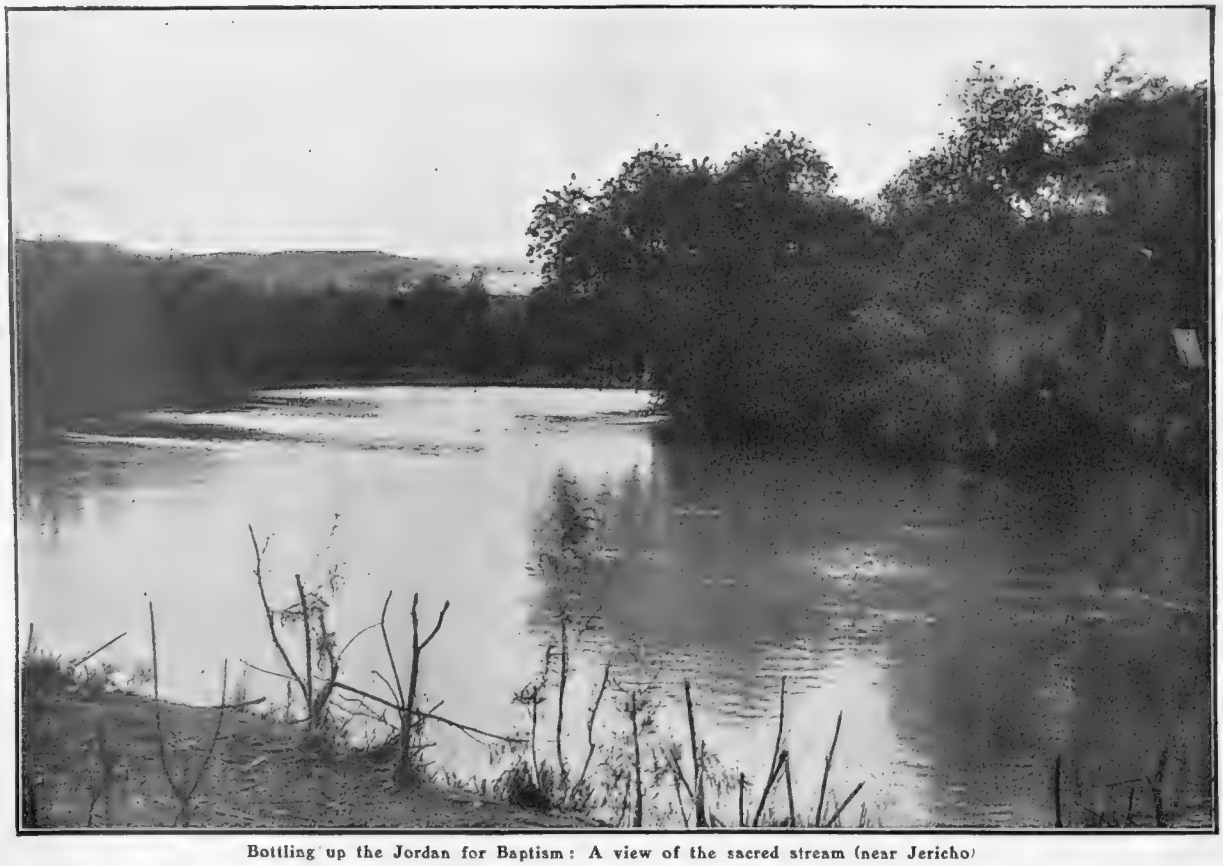


Photo *Beresford*

Sir Mortimer Durand

The sudden announcement of the approaching retirement of the British Ambassador to the United States is the diplomatic sensation of the hour, and speculations as to its cause are the order of the day



Bottling up the Jordan for Baptism: A view of the sacred stream (near Jericho)

The announcement that an American syndicate has acquired the right from the Ottoman Government to export casks of Jordan water for baptism purposes is the latest startler from the States. So far, however, *no* Baptism Club has been started by any daily newspaper, neither is there any talk of a Trust in connection with the sale of the sacred water

Count Boni de Castellane

Paris Week by Week

Countess Boni de Castellane (née Anna Gould)

The Castellane Case

The second audience of the Castellane divorce case drew large crowds at an early hour to the Chambre du Tribunal de la Seine. The Count de Castellane's debts at present amount to 4,600,000 francs, without counting, of course, the huge sums of money he has received from his wife and lady friends. His creditors have been trying for some time to bring an action against him, and had they been able to bring it before the divorce suit, his wife would have been considered responsible for his debts, and would have been forced to pay them. As it is, it is difficult to see how they will fare. The first audience was really more interesting than the second, because it showed the absolute life of misery that the Countess had been leading for some time past. They were a Bohemian couple from the time they married, and even now a large part of their big town house remains unfurnished. When divorce proceedings were instituted, the Count was, amongst other things, tricked into engaging an American chauffeur, in whom he placed the greatest confidence, and to whom he gave the most incriminating letters; he was unaware, of course, that this chauffeur was a detective, and that the letters were delivered to the Countess herself. I cannot tell by whom the report has been circulated, but it is alleged that the Countess's chief reason for demanding the divorce is that she herself is in love with a certain American lawyer. There is, probably, no truth in the statement, but *nous verrons*. The financial side of the case was certainly less amusing; at least, so one heard the smartly dressed ladies remark, but it was no less ridiculous. Fancy any human being having the audacity to drag an honest woman into the mire, as the Count has done, insult her, bully her, treat her like a perfect fool, and then demand £6,000 a year income and a small sum of £40,000 to wipe out his debts! "This demand," said M. Cruppi, "we treat with the most absolute scorn." For the third audience, the Court was again crowded, and M. Bonnet again endeavoured to do his best for his worthless client. He attacked the Countess's American lawyer, Mr. Helby; he tried to prove that the Countess was largely responsible for her gay husband's debts; in fact, he said "the Count's debts were incurred by his wife." In a few days, the judgment will be given; but it is quite safe to declare that the Countess will win her case, and have the custody of the children, who will live with her in France.

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Count Boni de Castellane's chief residence in Paris, in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne

"Le Jour des Morts"

All Saints' Day has come round once more, followed by the *Jour des Morts*, the day when the Parisian "officially" remembers his dead. Rain was falling in torrents, a biting wind was blowing, yet thousands of people wended their way towards the different churchyards of the metropolis to deposit wreaths on the tombs of the departed. It is an ancient custom, instituted by the Church. It cannot be said that the idea is a happy one. Visits to the last resting-place of those we have loved should not be undertaken *en masse*, in the midst of a crowd composed of a great part of sightseers, tourists, who —especially at Père Lachaise churchyard—select that day to view the tombs of Abélard and Héloise, Chopin, Tamberlick, Molière, Balzac, and other celebrities. It always struck me that at these moments it is necessary that we should be alone and undisturbed. Those visits are, in fact, a survival of the days of paganism, when it was believed that the departed actually resided in their grave and required food and other comforts.

* * *

The Fading Restaurant

The Paris restaurant is slowly disappearing, and its place is being taken by the *Brasserie*. It is the work of democracy, the levelling wave which respects neither rank, title, nor tradition. And the *brasserie* —at one time only the haunt of students and strangers—has now become a Parisian institution. In a measure, the restaurants themselves unconsciously helped to bring about this state of affairs. Their charges were too high; and people who, after the theatre, wanted to treat their family to a little supper, dreaded the expense. A few among the intelligent *restaurateurs* saw that the wind had veered round, and, turning their artistocratic *clientèle* into the streets, transformed their establishments into beer-houses, where an excellent dinner, luncheon, or supper could be had at a reasonable price.

Mr. Gordon Bennett's wrecked yacht 'Lysistrata'

There was a most disastrous storm on the Riviera recently, in which the coast, shipping, and yachts suffered severely, and Mr. Gordon Bennett's yacht was lost. Much damage was done on the front at Cannes

* * *

The Popular "Brasserie"

Yes, the *boulevard* restaurant is slowly disappearing, and with it that curious ultra-Parisian type, the *restaurateur* himself. Many of them were celebrities in their way, and with Bignon, who died not long ago, the last great *restaurateur* has gone. Bignon was famous for his ready wit, and although his establishment was frequented by some of the smartest journalists and authors, Bignon always proved himself a match for them all. Among the many delightful anecdotes about him is his answer to Aurélien Scholl, the well-known journalist. He had had luncheon at Bignon's on a Saturday—an omelette, a cutlet, a vegetable, dessert, and coffee—for which he had been charged twenty-three francs. On the Monday following he ordered the same menu, and, to his surprise, the bill amounted to twenty-eight francs! As luck had it, Scholl found the first bill in his overcoat pocket, and he invited a few friends to witness Bignon's discomfiture. "Look at this," cried Scholl, flourishing the two bills, "five francs difference in two days for exactly the same luncheon. Have victuals gone up suddenly in price?" "It looks curious," replied Bignon; "I'll speak to the cashier." In less than a minute he returned. "I knew there was a misunderstanding somewhere," he quietly remarked; "the cashier made a mistake of five francs in the first bill!" Scholl was so surprised that he could not utter a word, whilst his friends roared with laughter. "But," added Bignon, with a merry twinkle, "I shall not claim those five francs from you."

* * *

A Sleepiness at the Opera

Awake, M. Gailhard! You must awake if you aspire to retain your position as Director of the Opéra. The mounting of M. Massenet's *Ariane* was a sleepy performance. Times have changed, M. Gailhard. You must move with them. When we think of Antoine at the Odéon and Carré at the Opéra Comique, and we look at the way *Ariane* is put upon the biggest of the French stages, it is with the reflection that nothing can last, not even the management of M. Gailhard. In the third act, in the wildest of seas, your boat was motionless; and in the pouring rain, while the clouds discharged in torrents and the sky was streaked with lightning, the chorus remained on deck in the lightest of drapery! Was there no one to tell them to go below? Was no one alive to the ridicule of the situation behind the footlights? In front, some of us laughed until we cried. And can anybody explain why the dead souls were laid on shelves in the scene in Hades? In strong contrast to the living Proserpine and her Court in the foreground. And why was the Island of Naxas reflected in the sky? These mistakes are on a par with the rigid choruses in *Faust* and *La Guire*. *Ariane*, by such modern authors as Catulle Mendès and Massenet, should have had a more up-to-date mounting. FRANCES KEYZER.

"Bystander Everywhere" Competition (TENTH SERIES)

(*For Full Particulars see page* xii)

In Japan

The three senders, Messrs. E. RAPHAEL, GEO. FELDMAN, and EDW. JAMES, California Hotel, Kobe, Japan, writes: "The photo was taken at Arima, a village at the back of Kobe, which, during the summer months, is much frequented by the European population, as the hot mineral springs are widely celebrated"

In a Manitoban wheat field

Sent by Mr. F. X. HODGSON, Post Box 73, Plumas, Manitoba, who says: "This is a picture of myself and a stock team in a Manitoban wheat field. I was at the time hauling sheaves from the stock to the stacks, being built half a mile away, and was reading the paper while waiting my turn for loading up"

In Russia's Far Eastern Outpost: Vladivostock

The sender, Mr. A. W. WAKEMAN, c/o Clarkson and Co., Vladivostock, Siberia, writes: "The photo was taken in Churkin, in Eastern Siberia, formerly the stronghold of a famous pirate named Churkin, and is situated on the opposite side of the harbour to Vladivostock, Russia's last fortress in the Far East. The group consists of Russians, Coreans and Chinese, one American, and an Irishman, the latter of whom is reading the paper"

RACING NOTIONS

THE DERBY GOLD CUP. By "CARBINE"

Bibiani's Liverpool Cup

Events in connection with the Liverpool Cup last week coincided precisely with the forecast of the race given in these "Notions" last week. Killeagh *was* strongly supported on the strength of his victory over Bridge of Canny; Lord Derby's selected candidate, which was Glasconbury, likewise did have a large following; and, above all, the race *was* good for Bibiani. The winner was returned at 11 to 4 against; but most of those who were betting on the course got a longer price than that. Although Killeagh occupied the position of favourite, Bibiani was probably the bookmakers' worst horse in the race, as people who knew most about her were supremely confident, and went out with the fixed intention of getting back what they lost over her in the Cesarewitch, and a bit more besides. The filly takes a deal of riding, and Higgs is just the horseman, powerful and determined, to make her do her best. And in a terrific finish with Banana all Higgs's good horsemanship was wanted. The issue hung in the balance until the last two or three strides, and then Bibiani just got her head in front, and won by a very narrow margin.

Which Is Our Best Three-Year-Old?

Lord Derby, who entertained a small party of friends at Knowsley, did not do so well as usual at the meeting, but his lovely mare, Keystone II., cantered away with the Liverpool St. Leger and walked over for another event. The more one sees of the beautifully shaped daughter of Persimmon the better one likes her, and I am inclined to rank her downfall in the Doncaster St. Leger with that of Sceptre in the Derby, as one of the things that should not have been. Troutbeck, no doubt, is a good horse, but whether he will ever beat Keystone II. again is questionable. What an extraordinarily interesting event the Ascot Gold Cup of 1907 will be if Spearmint, Troutbeck, and Keystone II. should come together, with just the possibility of Polar Star beating the three.

Roseate Dawn Wins

We were fortunate in indicating Roseate Dawn's chance of winning the Grosvenor Cup, the principal race on Saturday, for Mr. Clark's horse scored in decisive style under his substantial weight, and at the splendidly remunerative odds of 100 to 12. Velocity was a strong favourite for this race, but it was asking too much of him after his grand struggle at Lincoln.

The Derby Gold Cup

This is the chief event of the present week, to be decided on Friday. It would seem to be a very open affair. I do not think that Bibiani can be any good with her penalty, but such a fine stayer as The White Knight must be dangerous. Alec Taylor has three useful candidates, of which Manaton is probably the best. Killeagh will be given a chance of redeeming his Liverpool failure; either Hong Kong or Machakos, from Powney's stable, is likely to be well fancied; and the chances of Mountain Rose and Gourd are not to be disregarded. Several others have claims to attention, so it will be seen that the race will not be lacking in interest. But if **Golden Measure** is started, I shall look no further for the winner. Mr. Buchanan's horse is by no means overweighted, and nothing can beat him if he reproduces his Ebor running.

Other Events at Derby

Horses are now being asked to earn their winter's keep, and for several races at Derby the fields are likely to be gigantic. For the Marketon Plate, on Wednesday, I fancy **Charis,** and the Chesterfield Nursery is likely to be won by **Meadow Rue.** On the following day I take **Lady Hasty** for the Osmaston Nursery, and **Roquelaure** may win the Quardon Plate on the last day of the meeting, for which many of the county people are having house-parties this week. On Friday and Saturday there will be flat racing for the last time this year in the South of England, pretty Lingfield Park being the fixture.

Photo copyright *The Bystander*

Rugby wins a Rugby match at Rugby (against Uppingham)

Rugby failing to convert their second try. They ultimately won the match by 1 goal 3 tries (14 points) to their opponents' 2 tries (6 points)

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

An Interesting Presentation

On Friday of next week the followers of the Quorn Hounds will assemble at Little Dalby Hall for the purpose of presenting a token of gratitude and esteem to Captain Burns-Hartopp, who was Captain Frank Forester's predecessor in the Mastership. On behalf of the subscribers, Lord Belper will make the presentation, which takes the form of a portrait of the ex-M.F.H., who is riding a favourite hunter. Opinions differ as to whether Captain Burns-Hartopp was quite so successful in the command of the crack pack as some of his predecessors, but this is not the time for reviving a controversial matter of that kind. It is much more pleasant to recall the many good runs which were enjoyed under his leadership. No Quorn M.F.H. ever enjoyed greater personal popularity with all classes connected with the pack, more particularly with the farmers and landowners. For seven seasons he worked his hardest in an endeavour to satisfy everyone, and any M.F.H. will tell you what a difficult matter that is.

Ladies in the Field

All the opening meets have been held, and by this time regular hunting is in full swing. Unfortunately, the country remains very blind and trappy, a sequel to the mild weather which has prevailed so far this autumn. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that several bad accidents have already occurred, and even one or two fatalities have been recorded in the papers. Happily, the ladies do not appear to come off so badly as the men in this matter of grief, which, at first glance, is surprising, considering the large number of women who hunt nowadays and the great nerve which many of them display over a big country, and considering, above all, the inadequate control over their horse which the side-saddle necessarily entails. One feasible explanation of why straight-riding women take fewer falls than men is that they ride with a longer rein. This gives

The opening meet of Lord Portman's Foxhounds at Bryanston Hall

their horse greater freedom. Whereas the male rider likes to imagine that he is "helping" his horse over a fence, the average horsewoman is content to interfere very little with the mouth of her hunter, and she gets greater satisfaction from him in consequence. It is noticeable that a good horse will always go well for a lady, who, riding with a lengthy rein, is not continually worrying his mouth.

Mr. Winans's Belgian Pack

The Spa Draghounds, of which we publish some interesting photographs, have become very popular at the Belgian resort from which they take their name. Good-sized fields were attracted to the meets during the season which has recently ended, and the support which he received has encouraged Mr. Walter Winans to arrange something more elaborate for the season of 1907. Our sporting readers, of course, will need no introduction to Mr. Winans, who lives at Surrenden Park, a charming place in Kent, and is widely famous as an unerring shot. He is a fine horseman and "whip," and to see him drive his renowned trotter Little Tobe at a terrific pace is one of the treats of the horse-show season. Mr. Winans has left ten couples of his draghounds in winter quarters at Spa, and will considerably augment their strength when he goes to hunt the pack next autumn. Mr. F. Vivian Gooch, whose perfect horsemanship is always so much admired, has acted as huntsman of the draghounds, and Princess Clementine is among those who have interested themselves in their doings, visiting the kennels, and often attending the meets. A. W. C.

GARDEN NOTES

We have had so many mild winters that a cold one is certainly due, and though the berries which are gleaming in all the hedgerows cannot be said to proclaim it, the prudent gardener makes his preparations. Geraniums, if tied together in bundles and hung upside down, may often be kept alive in a cellar until spring. The object of hanging them upside down is to check any tendency to grow in the event of a rise in temperature. Like many other more or less tender plants, they will also often survive the winter in an unheated greenhouse if they are kept dry. The use of electric radiators, which have been introduced into some conservatories, will supply an instance of the weakness of growth under unnatural conditions. At the present price of electricity, this method of heating is very costly, especially as the greater part of the energy is wasted in the form of light, and it is the light that does the mischief; for the plants, instead of being allowed a partial rest at night, are kept growing all the time, with most injurious results, the growth being necessarily very weak. The ordinary boiler is a much better heating arrangement. In the open ground, soil should be drawn round the stems of tea roses, but the most effective way of protecting them is to cover the ground around them with aubretias, pansies, pinks, or other low-growing plants, as is done in Colonel Baskerville's garden at Crowsley Park, shown in the illustration. Ashes should be heaped over perennials of doubtful hardiness which have died down. RUSTICUS.

Photo *Taylor*

To Shield Roses from Frost: A rose border, with its protecting array of pinks, in Colonel Baskerville's garden, Crowsley Park

When roses are kept during the winter in the open ground it is an excellent plan to protect them from the rigours of the frost by covering the ground around them with aubretias, pansies, pinks, or other low-growing plants

Hunting in Belgium

MR. WALTER WINANS'S DRAGHOUNDS AT SPA

Leaving the Chateau de Trancrémont for the "lay on"

The Château is the property of a fine old sportsman, Baron William de Marmol, who still hunts and shoots, although seventy-three

H.R.H. Princess Clementine visiting the kennels with Mr. Winans and M. Paul Lambert

Mme. Paul Lambert jumping rails at Sarb

All the fields in the neighbourhood are surrounded by barbed wire, which has to be replaced by posts and rails before hunting can take place

Huntsmen and hounds leaving Spa for the meet at the Sarb Racecourse

After the finish at Marteau. On the left are Princess Clementine and M. Lambert

The Spa Draghounds are rapidly becoming one of the great attractions at the Belgian resort from which they take their name. During the season which has just closed very good fields have been in attendance, and the Master, Mr. Walter Winans, the well-known American millionaire, rifle shot, and owner of trotting ponies, is arranging even a more elaborate programme for next year, when hunting will take place three times a week during August and September instead of only twice as was formerly the case

The Opening Meet

THE FAMOUS OLI
THEIR HUNTI
AT KIRBY

Spectators on foot watching the animated scene at Kirby Gate

In Full Cry: The field

The Duchess of Newcastle, who was one of the field on this occasion

IN accordance with time-honoured custo
their season on November 5, the first
Master, Captain Forester, took over the
to Captain Burns-Hartopp. Though the
consideration on the opening day of the Q
chiefly of spectacular interest—foxes did
Great Dalby, where there was a kill, and
well-known people were present on this
congregated to watch the animated scene

of the Quorn Hunt

LD PACK START
TING SEASON
BY GATE

Mrs. Forester, the wife of Captain Forester, the new M.F.H., in her trap

ld following the hounds

Captain Forester, the new Master of the Quorn Hunt, in succession to Captain Burns-Ha-topp

tom, the famous Quorn Hunt opened
t Monday in the month, when the new
e Mastership of the pack in succession
nc actual sport is, perhaps, a secondary
Quorn hunting season—the occasion being
rovide good runs from Gartree Hill to
nd back again to Gartree Hill. Several
s occasion, and many hundred sightseers
t the meet.

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(Continued from page 336)

spent, for the most part, in looking after an invalid mother who had died nearly two years ago. Her first taste of freedom had come to her only when she was twenty-eight. Then last autumn, at a country house, in the midst of a big shooting-party, she had met Florian Gore. She was thinking now of that first fatal moment. "I don't think you have met Miss Carwardine, Florian," said their hostess. It was in the drawing-room, just before dinner. "But I have heard of you," he had said, and there had been a world of delicate flattery in his look and tone.

It had all proceeded so hurriedly that she—who had never been conscious before of any charm of her own—was surprised at the very strength of the impression she had made upon him. It was all quite new to her; it had come unsought; to doubt of its permanency had, indeed, never occurred to her. That was last October, and for three months Florian had cared greatly. The marriage was to take place directly he had obtained an appointment—he had great faith in influential relations, of whom he possessed not a few. She had seen the future as goldenly as he had chosen to paint it. And now . . .

Another hansom stopped outside, and this time she saw two ladies alight and hurry up the wide, shallow steps. Their gay summer attire, their beflowered hats, attracted her attention. A few minutes later, they entered the room, and, sitting at the further end, were soon engaged in drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes.

They had been talking gaily for some time, one in rather a loud, shrill voice, when a familiar name caught her ear.

"Why, my dear, of course, I forgot you knew Florian Gore! Well, you know Baby Rivers—the youngest Rivers girl, with the yellow hair; quite a nice child, but most fearfully spoiled—well nothing is settled, of course, but Florian has been everywhere with them lately. He's always staying down in Gloucestershire with them, and they have just come up to town, and Lady Rivers tells me it is sure to be quite soon. She is to have a hundred thousand on the day of her wedding—he'll find that very useful——"

The motionless figure in grey, sitting at the window, gave no sign. It had come into her mind once to go away—to hear no more . . . but, after all, they were aware of her presence—it did not deter them from their indiscreet utterances. . . . She clutched the magazine tightly, and turned her face a little more towards the window, while the shrill, high-pitched voice rattled on.

"Nothing is settled—he hasn't actually spoken yet, but he was expected to lunch to-day. Baby is simply over head and ears in love with him. He'll like a comfortable life better than going and living on the Gold Coast. Oh, yes—he really thought of that seriously in the winter, and somebody offered him an appointment — he confided in me. There was a woman—he admitted that—but he didn't tell me her name. Not very young, he said, but full of charm . . . and rather *précieuse*."

She blew a thin wreath of smoke into the air. "Baby has refused Lord Orchard twice, Lady Rivers told me—she was quite annoyed about it, but still, he is rather old, and has grown-up step-daughters, so perhaps it was all for the best. Florian is charming, and with a rich wife he can go into Parliament."

"And the other woman—not very young but full of charm and rather *précieuse*—what has become of her?" inquired her friend in a slow, cynical tone of languid interest.

"Oh, my dear Violet! Life is too short to think of the other woman! You may depend there always is one, and the best thing she can do is to hold her tongue!"

Miss Carwardine crossed the room with very slow, very steady steps. Her grey dress trailed softly after her; she held her head erect. Her face was serene and very pale. There is a point at which the worst torture has a numbing effect; she had no immediate consciousness of pain, and as she passed she was able to glance once swiftly at the woman who had suddenly shown her that her life was lying in wrecked, ruined heaps about her feet—that for all time the sunlight and colour of it were blotted out. The stupid, artificially tinted face would, she thought, be always impressed vividly upon her memory. For a second the shallow blue eyes met hers.

"That's Miss Carwardine—the one who calls herself Vivienne Seymour, and writes poetry," said the elder lady, "really for a writing woman she is quite well dressed, and she knows how to move. Not bad-looking, is she?"

Miss Carwardine was speaking to the hall-porter in his little office in the hall.

"If Mr. Gore should come, will you tell him that I had to leave directly after luncheon," she said—"that I could not wait?"

In another moment she was being whirled towards Knightsbridge in a hansom. It was a Saturday afternoon, and the road was more than usually thronged with coaches, carriages, and motors of all descriptions going towards Hurlingham and Ranelagh. Suddenly, in the block near Sloane Street an electric carriage shot past her and stopped a few paces ahead, rather to the right. She thus had time to observe the occupants more closely than she could have done in the swift glimpse she had had of them as they passed. Sitting in front with the chauffeur was Lord Rivers, the Cabinet Minister. She knew him from the innumerable photographs and caricatures which were published continually of him in the papers. At the back, sitting side by side, were Florian Gore and the girl who was called "Baby" Rivers. She could see their faces *en profile* turned eagerly towards each other. Both were smiling. The girl was fluffy and golden-haired, with a soft rose-leaf complexion. Florian looked bright and animated—he was leaning towards her, talking; something he said made her laugh again, then the carriage slid forward with sudden rapidity, and was lost to sight in the moving stream of vehicles that began to press forward with one accord as if released from bondage.

So he had not only not come—he had forgotten altogether. So utterly forgotten that he had not even written the conventional excuse. His thoughts were simply absorbed with the girl sitting beside him, as, till only a little while ago, they had been absorbed with herself.

She saw herself in the little mirror at the side of the cab—a white, fragile face under the masses of hair, the big dark eyes, the delicate brow, the little mouth and chin. Once he had praised her face, feature by feature, in words of tender exaggeration, saying that he would not alter one line of it if he could.

Now the other words rang sharply, stabbing her with a curious little sensation of physical pain.

"Not very young," he said, "but full of charm, and rather *précieuse*." She could not understand why that last word had wounded her; it was as if she detected a faint note of apology in the praise.

"Life is too short to think of the other woman!"

She was almost surprised in looking again at the little mirror to find her presentment blurred with the mist of burning unaccustomed tears. ISABEL CLARKE.

The 'Varsity Rugby Teams

Now that both 'Varsities have played both the South Africans and the Harlequins it is possible to get a line as to their comparative merits. The inference appears to be that Oxford are slightly the stronger. They made a better fight against the South Africans than Cambridge, and their forwards, who, though somewhat light, are a very clever pack, quite held their own. Similarly, against the Harlequins on Saturday they were only beaten by a single point. On the other hand, if the Cambridge forwards can only get together, I am disposed to think that the light blue colour will come out on top at Queen's Club, for, at present, the Oxford backs, with the exception of Davies, are not even moderately good. Their defence is none too sure, their kicking is unreliable, and their passing is mainly of the kind which results in the ball going across the ground, and nothing further. Moreover, on Saturday, the centres several times fumbled passes that should have been taken quite easily, and once an almost certain try was lost thereby. Perhaps their lack of cohesion is due to the repeated changes of position which have been made. Against the South Africans, Milton was shifted from inside to the wing, while on Saturday he figured at half—not with conspicuous success. The man who has a capacity for getting tries appears to be Butterworth, and he should be worth playing on that account, even if his tackling and saving are not quite tip-top.

South Africans v. Oxford University: The "Springboks" get the ball

The South Africans are still sweeping everything before them. They succeeded in beating Oxford by 24 points to 3

At the Harlequins' Match

To come back to the Harlequins' match on Saturday, one of the prettiest pieces of forward play I have seen for many a long day was that which gained Oxford's second try. They came away beautifully, with the ball well under control, and took it over the line in an irresistible rush, the actual try-getter being Gardiner. I was also specially impressed with Lambert's play, and with the harmony with which he and Stoop worked together. They executed several clever ruses, and one of these led directly, and another indirectly, to a try. Lambert also does a tremendous amount of defensive work, and his great pace renders him quite ubiquitous. Several times he sprinted clean across the ground from the left and spoilt an attack that was being developed on the right. On his form of Saturday, as well as when he played for Middlesex against the South Africans, he seems a very likely candidate for an International cap. In the match at Cambridge on Saturday, the South African forwards had so much the best of the scrums, that after a while one of them came out and acted as a fifth three-quarter. The Cambridge halves were also overmatched, so that the three-quarters had to devote themselves almost exclusively to defence.

South Africans v. Cambridge University: "Springboks" make an irresistible run

The defeat of Cambridge was even more complete than that of her sister University, for the team were not able to score at all, while the South Africans scored 29 points

A Crisis in Lawn-Tennis History

The Lawn-Tennis Deadlock

The annual general meeting of the Lawn-Tennis Association to-day will be the occasion of a crisis in the political history of the game. That crisis has been brought about almost entirely by the fact that Mr. Archdale Palmer, the secretary of the All-England Club, has also occupied, for the past year or more, a responsible position in the firm of Messrs. Slazenger and Sons, the well-known makers (*inter alia*) of lawn-tennis requisites. When Mr. Palmer accepted that post he tendered to the committee of the All-England Club his resignation from the post of secretary of the Club, but the committee decided to retain his services, and their decision has since been approved by the members. On the Lawn-Tennis Association, on the other hand, there is a large and influential section of representatives of other clubs and minor associations who think that the All-England Club has done wrong, and that if it persists in its wrong-doing it ought to be deprived of its right to hold the Lawn-Tennis Championships.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Taylor and Braid meet at Maidenhead

Braid, the Open Champion, beat Taylor, the ex-Champion, by 9 up and 7 to play. Jessop, the well-known cricketer, can be seen watching the pair

The Question at Issue

That is the contention which really underlies the series of generally worded resolutions that will be submitted to this afternoon's meeting. There is, of course, a question of principle involved in the issue — the question whether the Championships ought to be "run" by a club whose secretary is personally interested in the giving of the contract for the supply of balls and other requisites to the tournament. I have already expressed my opinion in THE BYSTANDER that that question, stated as a bare question of principle, cannot be answered in the affirmative.

The Club's Position

But apart from the question of principle I am bound to admit that the All-England Club hold a strong hand. They are in a position to point to the conspicuous and increasing success of the Championship Meeting during the years of Mr. Palmer's secretaryship, and to justify their reluctance to part with an official who has served them so well. They are also prepared, I understand, to challenge anyone to show that he has been able, or has attempted, to exercise any undue influence in the interests of his firm.

No Surrender!

Furthermore, there is the question whether the Association has any power, as a matter of law, to deprive them of a right—the right to hold the All-England Championships — which they exercised for some years before the Association was formed, and expressly reserved to themselves when they consented to abdicate from a position analogous to that of the M.C.C. in favour of a more widely representative body. They are willing that in future the Council of the Association shall appoint two of its members to serve on the committee of management of the Championships, but further than that they are not prepared to go, and if, as the practical result of this afternoon's meeting, they are called upon to surrender the control of the Championships altogether to the L.T.A., they are determined not to do so.

Action of the L.T.A.

That being so, the interesting question really is not so much what are the merits of their case, as compared with those of the case for the other side, as what will be the effect of their determination in the event of no compromise being arrived at. They will hold their meeting in defiance of the L.T.A., and continue to call it the All-England Championships. The L.T.A. will then be bound to excommunicate them, and all players taking part in that meeting, and to forbid the latter to play at any other meeting held under the L.T.A. auspices. Possibly, too, the L.T.A. may hold a championship meeting of its own, and the issue will then depend upon which body secures the largest and most influential following.

An Obnoxious Scheme

I am informed that most of the leading players intend to stand by the Club. If they do, other open meetings — unless they, too, are prepared to defy the L.T.A.—will have to get along as best they can with an entry consisting in the main of second and third-class players. It is a grave situation, and I can see nothing for it but a fight to a finish, with, possibly, litigation thrown in, unless by some happy chance, or the intervention of some heaven-born mediator, a *modus vivendi* satisfactory to both parties can be arrived at. To revert for a moment to to-day's meeting, there is one proposal which I most devoutly hope will be thrown out —the new scheme for the selection of the make of ball to be used at the Championships and other important contests. It strikes me as the most hopelessly impracticable scheme that I have ever seen committed to paper.

THE BYSTANDER
CHRISTMAS NUMBER
Ready December 5, 1906.

The Connoisseur

ENGLISH TOILET WARE—MODERN AND ANTIQUE

The charming arts of the home when George III. was King appear, on close examination, to have included every utilitarian object, and now, with the wise return of taste to styles of say, the last thirty years of the eighteenth century and the first twenty of that following, the every-day china ware of that period is receiving especial attention. We have pointed out before now that Messrs. Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road, have done a great deal towards adapting the pleasing and comfortable designs of our great-grandfathers' time to modern surroundings. That which they have done in this way for the picturesque "four-poster," and the "tall boy" chest, reproductions of old embroideries and chintzes for hangings, and other bedroom furnishings, they are now doing for the toilet ware that was so agreeably produced 100 or 150 years ago, and then relegated to that limbo of all beautiful things which the censors of taste during the Victorian mechanical era insisted should be filled. The old firms of potters, like the widow in the epitaph, carry on the business still, and, in the case of Messrs. Spode and one or two others, Messrs. Heal have induced them to search among their archives and bring to light moulds that have lain idle for 100 years or more. The reproductions of eighteenth-century toilet ware which this firm are now showing are, in a sense, of better quality than the originals. For modern china ware is of a universally sound quality, which the old ware did not possess. Much of individual character and charm has been lost, of course. Nearly all the wares of to-day show the difference which may be noticed, for example, between the old and new Wedgwood "Queen's Ware"; the new follows the old designs perfectly, and is of sound material, far more durable than the old, but the character is gone—the age of mechanism has taken the place of the period of individual skill, and the result, although highly satisfactory, does not make the collection of the old pieces any the less interesting, and—if you buy well—remunerative. One extremely clever reproduction of the old ware is a toilet set of that "silver lustre" which belongs to about 100 years ago, and is so greatly sought after in old tea services and the like. The appearance, externally, is that of polished silver of an untarnishable quality, but within all is beautiful as well, for the jug and smaller pieces are lined with a pure white glaze, most suitable for this purpose, but a modern improvement on the old lustre ware. In the 'seventies and 'eighties of the eighteenth century, the ornamentation of vast quantities of pottery and porcelain was copied—at a considerable distance—from the Oriental. Tropical flowers and birds, the designs on Japanese wares—much used at Worcester—the decorations of Nankin, were all highly popular here. But it was not until the simple and effective transfer printing on pottery and porcelain was invented that what is known as the "willow pattern" became a universal vogue. In 1772, Thomas Turner, the well-known potter, introduced the art of making porcelain at Caughley, near Broseley, and it was there, some eight years later, that T. Minton made this somewhat over-popular design. Turner's business grew apace, and with it the "willow pattern," which is, in reality, as unlike a Chinese design as well can be. Among the many other designs which Messrs. Heal have revived, every taste is considered, and all who favour the eighteenth-century styles of furniture will recognise how fitting these reproductions are, and will do well to write for the charmingly illustrated little book with its willow pattern cover.

Spode's "George III."—(Date 1770)

"Old Blue" ware

Specially made to drop into the old-fashioned corner washstands

Mason's "Ironstone"

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

A Green-keepers' Association

An excellent suggestion has lately been mooted, namely, the formation of an Association of Green-keepers. Time was when the green-keeper had no separate existence. His duties were invariably undertaken by the official club professional, who combined in his sacred person the functions of club and ball maker, teacher of the game, and custodian of the links. Those were more primitive days, when there was much less play than nowadays, and when, therefore, the course did not call for such minute attention as it now requires. I can remember how, in the early "'eighties," the course at St. Andrews, which was then under the care of old Tom, was left a good deal to its own devices, with occasional and fitful bouts of energy on the part of poor Honeyman, whose main occupation seemed to consist of shovelling "mair saund" into the "skelps" made by the players.

Photo *Baker and Dixon*

Saturday's great golf match

Mr. Guy Campbell driving in the match between Oxford and Cambridge and Sunningdale, which Sunningdale won by six matches to five. The match was closely contested between twelve of each side, at Sunningdale

Superficiality

Other courses, no doubt, were treated in somewhat the same superficial fashion, and the idea of separating the offices of professional and green-keeper would then have been scouted as wicked and unnecessary extravagance. We have travelled a long way since then. Much water, we might say, has flowed under the old stone bridge at St. Andrews since those days, and we have been forced to recognise the necessity of having a green-keeper as well as a professional at most clubs. Of the two, the green-keeper is really now the more important person. Possibly he may, in some degree, be looked upon as the inferior branch of the profession, much as solicitors, in the old days, were regarded by barristers; but that idea, if indeed it still prevails, will perforce give way to the stern logic of facts.

A Jack of All Trades

Readers of "Golf Greens and Green-keeping," on which I commented last week, will need little persuasion to convince them what an important branch of modern golf the art of green-keeping has become. A special and laborious education is necessary for the man who wishes to master the science, and to qualify himself fully for the post of green-keeper. In a small club, where there is but little play, it may still be possible for the posts of professional and green-keeper to be combined in one individual, but in a large club it is absolutely imperative to separate the offices, and give the care of the course to the undivided attention of one man. This man, as I say, must have thoroughly qualified himself, by special study, for his arduous duties. Such men as Hugh Hamilton, of St. Andrews, and Peter Lees, of Mid-Surrey, did not acquire their knowledge in a day. Just think what we expect from a green-keeper. He must be thoroughly versed in the question of natural and artificial manures, must know all the different kinds of grasses, and be able to distinguish the various soils which are most favourable to each species. He must have a knowledge of sowing, of digging, and of draining, and be able to deal with all the hundred and one difficulties which crop up in the up-keep of a golf course. He must also know something about golf and about the laying out of a course, the formation and placing of hazards, and the best positions for the holes on the greens.

A Man of Value

In a word, he must be a highly educated and fully equipped man; and when we secure such a man at a club, he is precious beyond rubies. I welcome, therefore, as I am sure all golfers do, the idea of a Green-keepers' Association, more especially if some provision for the training of apprentices should form part of the projected organisation. I have no manner of doubt that it will be duly carried to fruition. Whether the green-keepers should form a separate association and then affiliate themselves in some way to the Professional Golfers' Association, whether they should approach the latter Association first of all, or whether they should preserve a distinct existence, are questions for the green-keepers to decide. Personally, if I may venture to give advice, I would suggest that their best plan would be to form their Association, and when it is firmly on its legs, to consider carefully the question of affiliation to, or junction with, the older body. In the meantime, the green-keepers have my warmest wishes for the successful formation of their Association and for the prosperity of its career.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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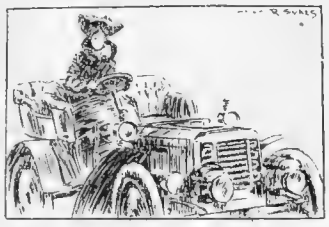
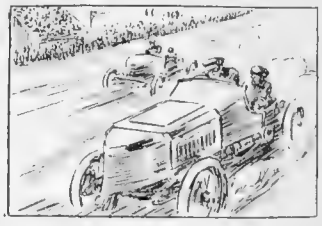


Motors at Olympia

A TOPICAL GUIDE TO THE SHOW

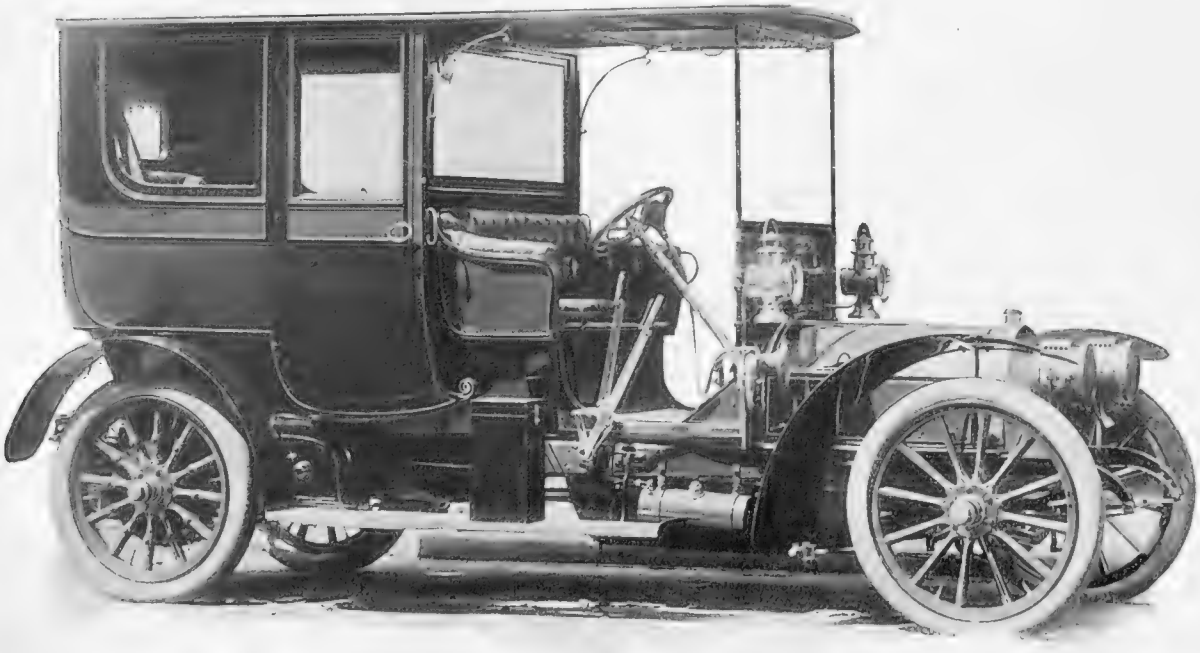
By DOUGLAS MILLER



Introductory

Under the patronage of His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the fifth annual exhibition of motor vehicles, organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, opens to-morrow—Thursday, November 15th, 1906—at Olympia, and will remain open until 10 p.m. on Saturday, November 24th. Owing to the enormous strides made by the automobile industry, it has been found necessary to confine this exhibition to what may be termed the lighter side of automobilism, and, in consequence, the two hundred and sixty odd stands which have been allotted are all concerned with cars used for ordinary touring and town work. During the year, many improvements in silence, flexibility of engine, ease of control, economy in running, and reliability have been made by manufacturers, who have taken to heart lessons learned in such competitions as the Scottish Reliability Trial and the Tourist Trophy Race. These improvements will be found incorporated in the various exhibits of models for 1907 on view at Olympia. It is gratifying to know that our own country has now attained a commanding position among the motor manufacturing centres of the world, and a careful examination of the magnificent examples of design and workmanship will, in all probability, lead to the conclusion that the best are British. Quite a remarkable feature of up-to-date automobile construction is the adoption of the six-cylinder engine for high-powered, high-class cars, and in this connection also we may plume ourselves upon the fact that this principle, first adopted by a British engineer, Mr. Montague Napier, has been copied by no fewer than seventy-eight firms prominent in the industry. In such subsidiary branches of automobile activity as tyres, lamps, carriage building and motor clothing, many advances will be noted, more especially in the gallery, where the firms dealing in these indispensable adjuncts will be found located. The Governing Council of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and their Exhibition manager, Mr. Blackie, are deserving of warm commendation for the excellent manner in which they have carried out the difficult duties o allocating space and arranging the stands, while the exhibitors in general may also be congratulated upon the good taste displayed in the decoration of their stands and show-signs

On the whole, it may be said that the tendency exhibited by manufacturers, more particularly the British firms, is towards a cheapening of price. Such prominent makes as Napier, Daimler, and Rolls-Royce, may now be had at considerably less than last year, making, of course, all due allowance for the marked improvement manifested. Among the more moderately priced sections, it will be found quite possible to obtain a good reliable car to seat four persons for £400, and many instances of this will be noticed in the main hall and annexe.



24-40 h.-p. F.I.A.T. Grand Limousine for the Amir of Afghanistan

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NAPIERS
CAN BE VIEWED
AT OLYMPIA
STAND
43.

6
CYLINDER.
LONDON MADE.

THE SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER
won Midland Automobile Club Cup
for all-round superiority.
1. RELIABILITY.
2. HILL CLIMBING
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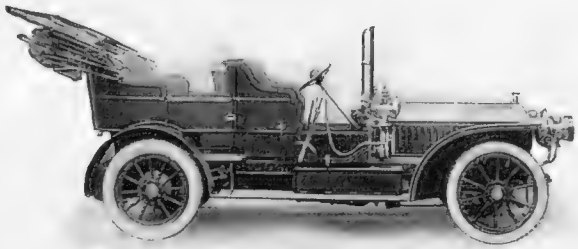

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British and Foreign firms are now copying the Napier system and making Six-Cylinder Cars.

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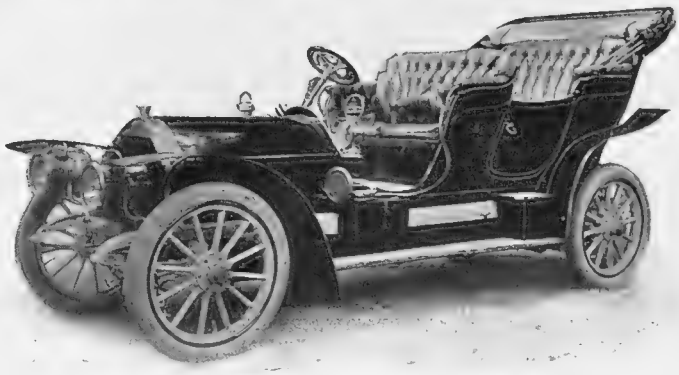

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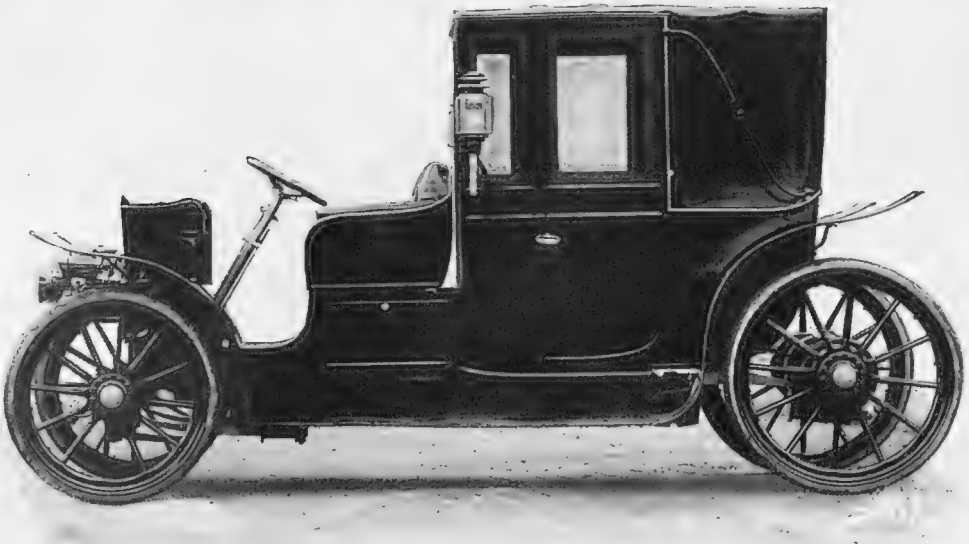


30 H.-P.

15 H.-P.

30 H.-P. LANDAULETTE.

ACTON HILL WORKS,

NEW ENGINE Co.

ACTON, LONDON W.

At Olympia—Old and New

A Look Round the Stands

From the principal entrance, opposite to Addison Road station, the *coup d'œil* is striking and effective. In the main avenue, the third stand on the right is that of one of the oldest of motor-engineering firms, Messrs.

De Dion—Bouton, No. 63

Six cars are shown, including one of the new 28 h.-p. chassis, a 24 h.-p. limousine, to seat seven people, two of the well-known four-cylinder 15 h.-p. cars, and two 8 h.-p. cars of single-cylinder design. Many improvements are noticeable in this year's De Dion cars. All now have mechanical inlet valves, forced lubrication by means of a mechanically driven pump, and a compression release cam to facilitate starting. The frames are of pressed steel, with front axles of similar material. Throttle control on the carburettor has been adopted, while the ignition on the 28 h.-p. and 15 h.-p. cars is gear-driven high-tension magneto, with dry battery for starting when the engine is cold. The special pattern of De Dion parallel disc plate clutch, patented cardan shaft drive to road-wheel hubs, continuous tubular axles, new C-shaped steering heads, and control levers placed on the tops of the steering wheels, are also features observable in the 1907 models.

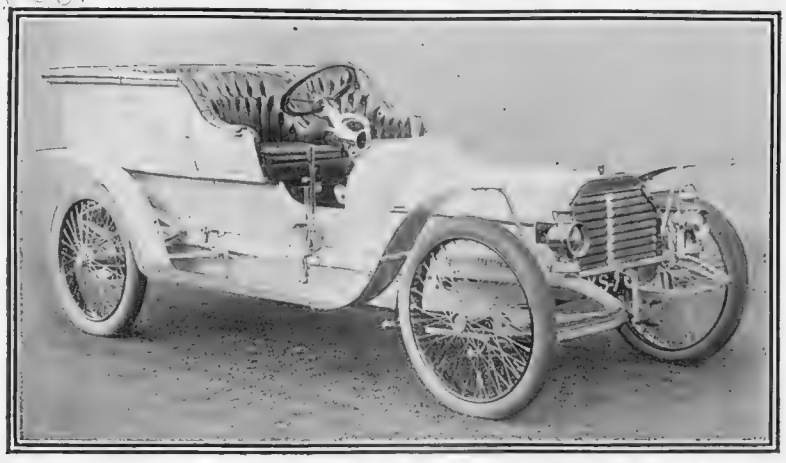
Next to the De Dion exhibit is one of the most interesting exemplifications of the rapid rise of the British motor industry. On stand 62 will be found the manufactures of

Armstrong, Whitworth and Co.

a firm whose fame in other departments of engineering is a household word. The aim of the designers has been to produce a car which will stand a lot of rough usage, in which all the working parts shall be readily accessible and easy of adjustment on the road; to obviate, as much as possible, the use of tools when making adjustments or examinations; to provide strength where strength is required, and lightness and neatness where possible, without prejudicing safety; to make wheels and axles beyond reproach, and brakes of undeniable quality; and lastly, that the work of the driver, in controlling and watching the working of his car, should be rendered as light and as efficient as possible. Sight-feeds are placed in a prominent position, showing the oil going to the cylinders, which can be regulated without tools, while a convenient arrangement of valves is provided for directing extra lubrication in any particular direction for short periods. Two systems of ignition are fitted: Low-tension magneto with automatic advance, and a stand-by high-tension with patent single trembler multiple coil. A great feature in the low tension is that the whole make and break is self-contained in a circular plug, so that it is possible to carry spare plugs as in high-tension ignition, and these can be readily exchanged on the road. The hand-lever on top of the steering wheel is the only control used in driving, and by its manipulation the spark is either advanced or retarded by the governor. In driving through traffic the foot-throttle can be used in conjunction with either the clutch or the foot-brake, or by itself, but the opening

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Wilson on 28-36 h.-p. Armstrong-Whitworth

British and Foreign Cars at Olympia



The new Arrol-Johnston, similar to that driven in the Tourist Trophy Race

of the throttle-valve is regulated permanently by the hand-throttle lever, which is placed on the steering pillar—that is to say, the foot-throttle pedal when pressed down closes the throttle-valve, and when released the ports are opened only to the extent determined by the position of the hand-throttle lever. The ignition may be further varied by the permanent ignition lever placed close by, which is also on the steering pillar.

The fly-wheel, which is of steel, is of ample dimensions, and forms an air propeller; it is independent of the main clutch, which is of the multiple disc variety, and is self-contained in a small oil-tight casing. A spring buffer ensures its gradual engagement under all conditions, even if the foot should slip off the pedal. The petrol tank, with a total capacity of fifteen gallons, is so constructed as to render it impossible to run out of petrol, a safety device being provided to warn the driver that his supply is reduced to two gallons. The wheel-base in the standard chassis is 9 ft. 8¼ in., the track is 4 ft. 3 in., and the weight 26 cwt. In addition to these Armstrong-Whitworth cars, the Company also show a four-cylinder 12-16 h.-p. Wilson-Pilcher landaulette, with all latest improvements, a selection of steel-drop forgings, and some excellent specimens showing the finished workmanship of various parts.

Half-way up the Hall, but on the extreme right of the building going from Addison Road, the display on Stand 20—that of the

Lanchester Co.

commands attention. Having regard to the great and growing popularity of the six-cylinder engine, perhaps the most interesting of the Lanchester exhibits is an example of this type illustrated in this number of THE BYSTANDER. The six-cylinder Lanchester resembles its prototype of four-cylinders in position of engine and general design, and, although to some extent an experiment, has already proved highly satisfactory on the road. The useful qualities of the Lanchester, both for town and country work, are widely known, and need not be emphasised here. A detached six-cylinder engine, complete with counter-shaft and change-speed gears, and model of a section of the 20 h.-p. four-cylinder engine, with working parts exposed, will, however, amply repay attention.

In the same avenue, a few steps further east, visitors may see replicas of motors which, throughout the season, particularly in the Scottish Trials and other open competitions, have consistently enhanced their reputation. Messrs. T. J. Harman and Co., of Regent Street, show here examples of the

Vinot Cars, Stand 23

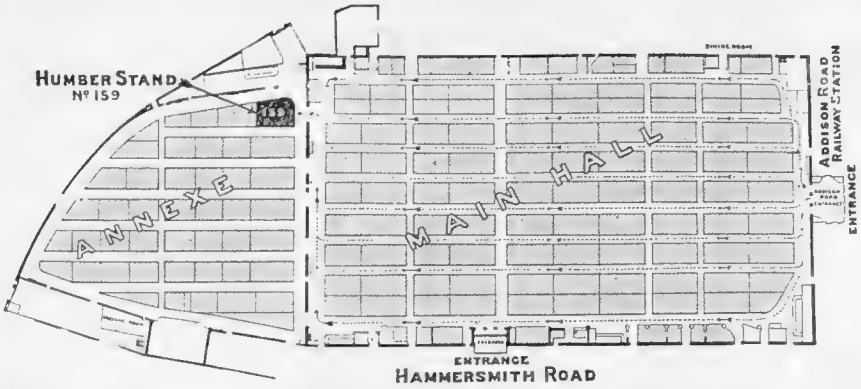
Here again a six-cylinder chassis is in evidence. It is of 30-45 h.-p., the cylinders being cast in pairs. High-tension magneto is used, and there are four speeds with direct drive on top. It is claimed that the carburettor of the Vinot is perfectly automatic, and by an ingenious device choking in the feed-pipe is rendered practically impossible. Other exhibits of Messrs. Harman's stand include a 16-24 h.-p. four-cylinder chassis, a 24-32 h.-p. double landaulette, and an elegantly finished 16-24 h.-p. double phaeton, fitted with hood.

The

Panhard Cars, Stand 59

instance the successful efforts made by this world-famous firm towards simplicity of design and construction. As few changes have been made in 1907 models as possible in the endeavour to approach standardisation of parts. The only alterations in the 8-11 h.-p. three-cylinder chassis is in the shape of the radiator, while in the four-cylinder 15-20 h.-p. models the principal alteration is the substitution of push-pedals for the earlier style. A new four-cylinder 18 h.-p. Panhard is seen here for the first time, but embodies comparatively few improvements on the firm's orthodox design.

One of the new Brotherhood cars, shown by the Sheffield Simplex Company



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GLADIATOR

The ability to tackle hills at a good speed means the ability to sustain a good average pace without racing, and the SPLENDID EFFICIENCY of the GLADIATOR in this respect is fully evidenced in the following report on the Crystal Palace A.C. HILL CLIMB, Oct. 20th.

The "Automotor Journal" expert writes, Oct. 27th:

"For the benefit of those who are studying the relative merits of engine-rating, by cylinder-capacity or by total piston-area, we have worked out the results that would have been obtained had the latter system been employed instead of the former. Keeping the cars in the same classes as before, they would have been arranged in order of merit as follows:—

Class B. Car No. 22. 20 h.p. GLADIATOR 100 marks per cent.

Marks per cent.		Marks per cent.
Car No. 16. 18 h.p. Germain..95.4	Car No. 27. 18 h.p. Siddeley..75.5	
,, ,, 21. 18-28 h.p. Clement 94.2	,, ,, 29. 20-32 h.p. Darracq 65.9	
,, ,, 24. 24 h.p. Minerva..93.4	,, ,, 25. 20-30 h.p. Brown 61.6	
,, ,, 26. 25 h.p. Siddeley..84.7	,, ,, 23. 40 h.p. Napier....60.8	
,, ,, 17. 30 h.p. Thorney-croft 80.8	,, ,, 30. 18 h.p. Arrol-Johnston 58.2	

Class E. Car No. 40. 20 h.p. GLADIATOR 100 marks per cent.

Marks per cent.	Marks per cent.
Car No. 39. 18 h.p. Arrol-Johnston 57	Car No. 41. 18 h.p. Siddeley 49.9."

Comment would be superfluous.

OLYMPIA SHOW. Stand No. 47.

The GLADIATOR CO. (England),

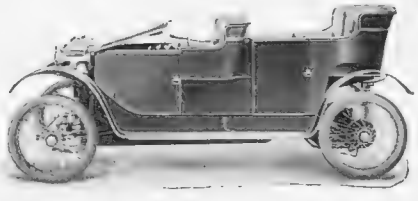
8 and 9, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Telegrams: "Gladihood, London." Telephone: 1334 Gerrard.

The most effective insurance against side-slips and tyre troubles is the "MARQUIS" NON-SKIDDING BAND, fitted on genuine Dunlop covers, obtainable from the Gladiator Co. and all their Agents.

A.J.W.

LANCHESTER CARS AT OLYMPIA.



20 H.-P. TOURING.

Messrs. Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd., Montgomery St., Birmingham. *Hockley Hill, Birmingham, Oct. 2, 1906.*

Dear Sirs,—On my new 20 h.-p. have just completed 4,000 miles without a hitch, and remarkably light on tyres. I am agreeably surprised at its speed and hill climbing, and delighted with the quiet luxurious running, in addition to the handsome appearance of the car generally.—Yours truly

(Signed) *F. W. Tomkinson.*

STAND **20,** Nov. 15th to 24th.

LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD.

SPARKBROOK, BIRMINGHAM;

311, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

OLYMPIA MOTOR EXHIBITION.

OPENS NOVEMBER 15th, 1906.

FIAT

Stand 148 **Stand 148**

For full details and prices of the New 1907 Models of these famous Cars, apply to FIAT Motors, Ltd., 37, Long Acre, W.C. Also visit their Stand at Olympia and inspect the New Models.

Stand 148 **Stand 148**

Telegrams: "FIATISM, London."

Telephone: 3171 Gerrard. Telephone: Garage—1849 Gerrard.

Examples of Carriage Work at Olympia

At the extreme end of the building, from the Addison Road entrance, is to be found the

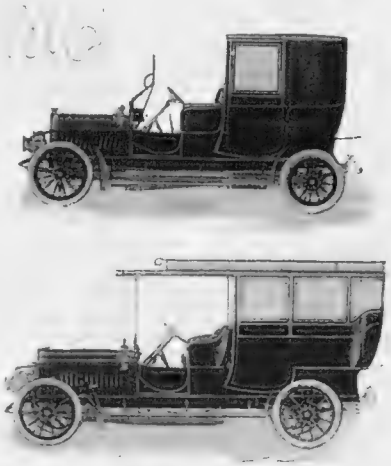
Humber Exhibit, Stand 154

Probably, no automobile firm in Europe has been more successful in popularising its cars during the last few years than this celebrated concern, and it is not too much to say that this satisfactory state of things is largely due to the enterprise and ability of Mr. E. Powell, the Chairman and Managing Director. It is now nearly seven years since Mr. Powell assumed office in the Humber Company, and, in that time, not only has the financial position of the concern been raised to the highest pinnacle of successful trading, but its manufactures, more especially in the motor-engineering department, have gained a solid reputation for soundness of design and construction all over the world. The Humber exhibits include examples of their Tourist Trophy cars—which, by the way, were the only team to finish the course on the limited petrol allowance—and there are also shown models of the 10-12 h.-p. four-seated car priced £315, and the 16-20 h.-p. Beeston-Humber listed at £495. This stand is well worthy of attention from those who desire a really reliable car of British make at moderate price.

Great interest will certainly be manifested in the

Austin Cars, Stand 149

Mr. Austin's reputation as a motor engineer deservedly stands very high, and this, the first exhibit of his new firm's models at Olympia, will by no means diminish his renown. One of the special features of these cars is an arrangement by means of which transmission can be adapted—in course of construction—either for chain or live-axle drive at buyer's option. Each of the four vehicles shown is of four-cylinder type, perhaps the most interesting being a polished chassis of 18-24 h.-p. with live axle and 9-feet wheel-base, priced at £450.



Two examples of Messrs. Morgan's Coach-work as shown on Stand 130

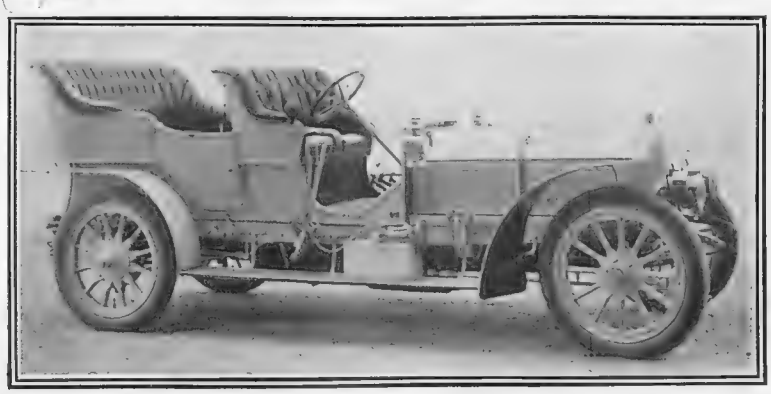
Sharp on the right from the Austin stand, looking towards the main entrance, but three avenues away, will be found the cars and carriage-work shown by Messrs.

Morgan and Co., Stand 130

The principal item is a beautifully finished example of the 24 h.-p. Morgan car of all-British work, which merits a brief description. The chassis has a pressed steel frame, the longitudinal members of which are produced forward so as to form the dumb-irons for the front ends of the steering axle springs. The steering axle is a steel forging of a rectangular section, formed with a downward central curve to accommodate the sheet aluminium apron that so adequately protects engine, fly-wheel, clutch, gear, and every other part of machinery from dust, mud, rain, or grit, thus ensuring these parts being kept in their best running conditions. The axle ends are jaw-formed with top and bottom steering centres, giving great strength and rigidity, and it is apparent that the section and design of the steering axle inspire confidence in all who give these vital points of an automobile close attention. The longitudinal members of the frame are connected by four channel steel braces, the upper flanges of which are flared out as they approach the

New four-cylinder Beeston-Humber car, 1907 type

Six-Cylinder Models at Olympia



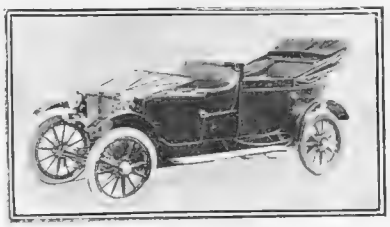
One of the new six-cylinder Ariel models

longitudinals, so as to give greater stiffness. The extended rear dumb-irons are strongly bolted to the frame, being formed with right-angle shoes to fit the inside section of the frame, and are bolted to both the longitudinal and rear members. Attention should also be paid to the new patent carburettor fitted to the Morgan cars. This forms a happy combination of the spray and surface types, and is further noteworthy on account of its self-cleaning qualities. Messrs. Morgan also exhibit the new Cromwell Roller Hood and Wind Screen, illustrated in THE BYSTANDER a week ago.

Turning from the Annexe into the Main Hall, and bearing to the left, the stand of the

New Engine Company, No. 57

proves highly interesting. This car was one of the prominent newcomers at Olympia last year, and has since proved its excellence in many open competitions, as well as in private use. The designer's principal object has been to produce a vehicle with maximum of comfort and roominess without undue length of wheel-base. The engine is horizontal, and, being placed beneath the body—which is suspended by means of over-hanging leaf springs—necessitates no bonnet, the system, of course, effecting a great saving of room. Convenience of manipulation and accessibility have been well borne in mind, while to promote silence in running, a worm-driven live axle is utilised. The car has many original features, and presents one of the most interesting examples of construction carried out on lines which may be said to be "*caviare* to the general." An instance may be briefly mentioned here. The carburettor, in principle, is of ordinary float-feed type, but is constructed so that the float-chamber, the main air inlet, and the throttle-valve are enclosed in one casing. Air enters through a detachable pipe, which can be turned towards the engine in cold



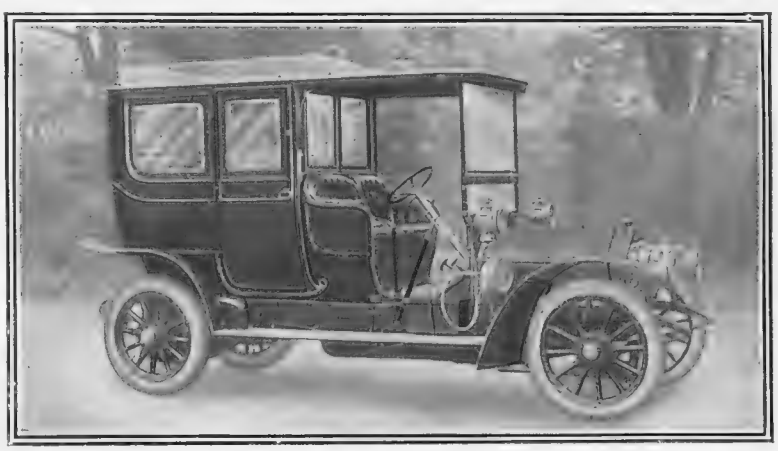
The six-cylinder Lanchester

weather, or in an opposite direction in warm climates.

A "knight's move" from the N.E.C. stand is that of Messrs.

Jarrott and Letts, No. 18

devoted to their exhibit of the famous Crossley cars. Here will be found the first Crossley chassis manufactured throughout by Messrs. Crossley, of Openshaw—an all-British product. The type is termed 30-40 h.-p., albeit the motor is said to develop over 40 h.-p. on the brake. Low-tension magneto is fitted, and the valves are mechanically operated. The clutch is of expanding metal-to-metal type, and the car has four speeds, with gate control and with a direct drive on the top gear. One of the most important points is that every part of the chassis has been designed with the idea of making it as accessible as possible. The gear-box is made without any joint, and is so arranged as to be easily dismounted from the car without interfering with the carriage body in any way. In order to meet the wishes of every user, the 30-40 h.-p. chassis is supplied in two types—chain-driven and live axle, according to desire. In the chainless type, a beautifully designed and strong back axle is utilised; while in the case of the chain-driven examples, the car is standard, with the exception of those parts which are necessary to the chain drive. The price of the 30-40 h.-p. chassis of either type, with tyres, is £700. In addition, there are shown on stand 18 a beautifully finished covered-in 40 h.-p. Crossley car, the carriage body of which, a double landaulette to seat six persons, has been built by Messrs. Hooper, the well-known designers and constructors of luxurious carriage-work, and a 40 h.-p. touring Crossley car, with Roi de Belge body, finished in dark blue and upholstered in white enamel leather.



24 h.-p. four-cylinder Gladiator

By Special Appointment
To H.M. The King.

Olympia Motor Exhibition.

By Special Appointment
To H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

DAIMLER

Model F.—Five to Seven-Seated Limousine.

STAND No. 39

Do not fail to examine THE INVINCIBLE DAIMLER CARS ! !

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Winners of all principal events of note for petrol Cars during the past two seasons.

THE DAIMLER MOTOR Co. (1904), Ltd.,
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For full particulars address our London Depot,
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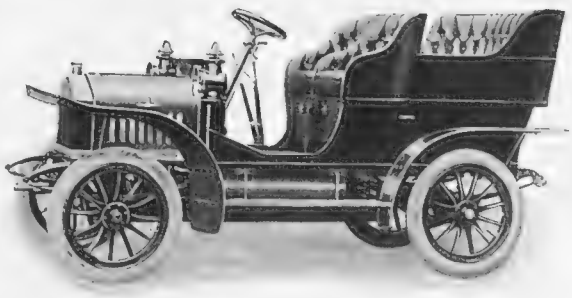
NO. 42 OLYMPIA EXHIBITION

20 B.H.-P.
4-CYLINDERS.

10 B.H.-P.
2-CYLINDERS.

8 B.H.-P.
1-CYLINDER.
LONG CHASSIS.



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ESTABLISHED 1650.

THE "GROSE"
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The FIRST and Still BEST.

Now Manufactured by a Patent Process to prevent chafing and overheating. The Result of Nine Years' Practical Experience. The Best Material. The Best and Most Practical Studs. The Best Workmanship. Can be fitted to any pneumatic cover; also supplied fitted to any make of tyre.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We make a Speciality of fitting Bands to Michelin, Continental, etc., which have been Studded.

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We are exhibiting at
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OLYMPIA SHOW.

STAND 91.

DELAUNAY BELLEVILLE

"The Car Magnificent."

Constructed by the
FAMOUS ENGINEERS
TO THE
BRITISH & FRENCH NAVIES.

20 h.-p. 28 h.-p. 40 h.-p.

Trial Runs, Catalogues, etc., from the SOLE CONCESSIONAIRES,

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OLYMPIA EXHIBITION—Stand No. XI.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

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LÉON BOLLÉE, PORTHOS, TURCAN'S COMMERCIAL DELIVERY VANS,

AND AUTHORISED AGENTS FOR

MERCÉDÈS.

18 h.-p., 28 h.-p., and 40 h.-p. BENZ; 25-30 h.-p. and 40-50 h.-p. LÉON BOLLÉE; 25-30 h.-p. PORTHOS; also 35 h.-p. and 45 h.-p. MERCÉDÈS. 1907 Models FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

ALL REPAIRS EXECUTED BY EXPERIENCED WORKMEN. SPARE PARTS SUPPLIED.

CARS FOR HIRE BY DAY, WEEK, OR MONTH.

PAYMENT BY INSTALMENTS CAN BE ARRANGED. *Second-hand Cars taken in part payment.*

THE TRADE SUPPLIED. NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

THE CANNSTATT AUTOMOBILE SUPPLY ASSOCIATION
(Dept. L), 11a REGENT STREET (Waterloo Place), S.W.
Telegrams: "CANNSTATT, LONDON." Telephone: No. 10714 CENTRAL.

Napier and De Dietrich Cars at Olympia

Messrs. Jarrott and Letts's show of

De Dietrich Cars, Stand 51

occupies a "spot centre" position in the main building, and includes a 24 h.-p. show chassis fitted with the well-known four-cylinder De Dietrich engine, but having the ignition plates placed at the side instead of on top. The valves are all on one side, and entirely operated by one camshaft. There are a specially designed carburettor, with hot-water jacket to secure economical and silent running, metal-to-metal clutch, and automatic lubrication. A novel feature is a special gauge and tap fitted in the crank case, allowing the oil level to be seen without having to open the inspection doors. There are also shown a very finely finished 40 h.-p. De Dietrich chassis, showing all working parts; an extremely handsome landaulette, with side-entrance body, finished in green, with black mouldings, and leather upholstery; a limousine, finished in dark green with leather upholstery; and, not the least interesting exhibit in the building, the 130 h.-p. De Dietrich racing car, on which Duray finished first in the Circuit des Ardennes, covering a distance of 375 miles in 5 hrs. 38 mins., an average of 66½ miles an hour.

Directly opposite to the De Dietrich stand is that of

Du Cros Mercédès, Ltd.

where four complete carriages and one chassis may be seen. The 35 h.-p. 1907 model is fitted with the new Mercédès carburettor, lubricator, and pump.

Carriage-work by Messrs. Hooper

The success which has attended the 10 h.-p. two-cylinder

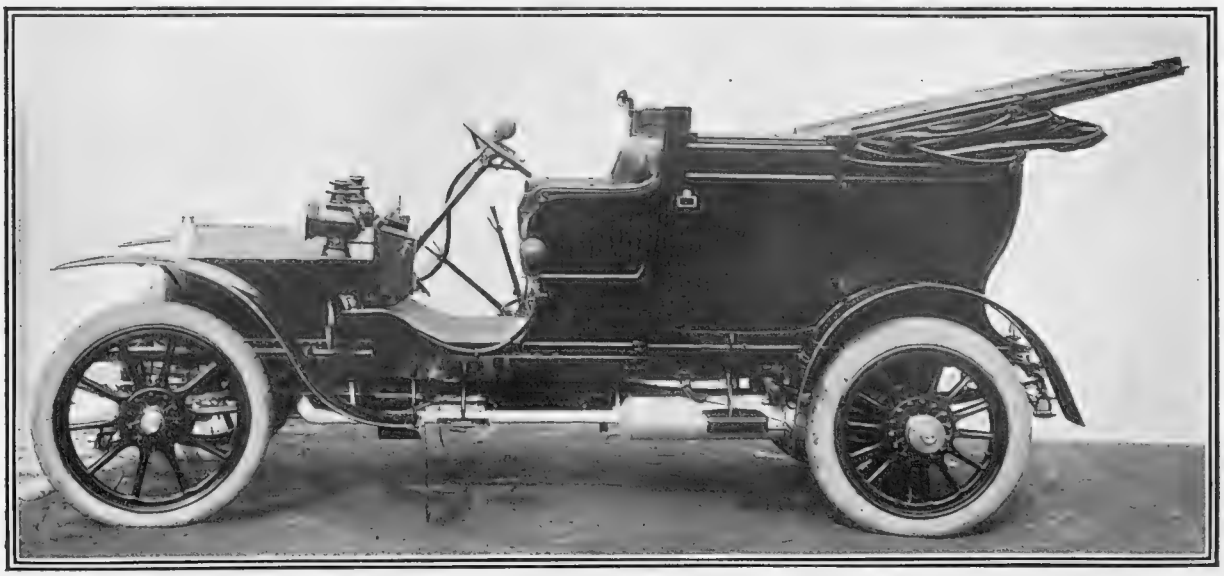
Alldays Car, Stand 42

particularly in hill climbs throughout the season, materially invests the seven exhibits of Messrs. Alldays and Onions with particular interest. The firm's latest introduction is a four-cylinder 20 h.-p. car, fitted with side-entrance body, to seat five, priced at £453 12*s*. The other six cars are replicas of the well-known two-cylinder 10 h.-p. type, and are remarkable for the excellent finish which characterises both engine and body.

Immediately adjoining is

Stand 43, S. F. Edge, Ltd.

whereon the latest examples of Napier cars will undoubtedly command great interest. Only four cars are shown, and all are of six-cylinder engine. Perhaps the most striking of this quartette of high-class motor vehicles is a 60 h.-p. chainless car, fitted with Pullman Limousine body, and remarkable for its exceedingly tasteful upholstery. A 40 h.-p. six-cylinder chain-driven car, fitted with side-entrance "Tourist" body, Cape-cart hood, and wind shield, affords evidence that the Napier firm maintains its high reputation as a purveyor of luxurious and comfortable cars for country work. This



Another example of Messrs. Hooper's body-work

Daimler and Mercédès Exhibits at Olympia

car is similar to that driven from Brighton to Edinburgh on top speed last July on a consumption averaging eighteen miles to the gallon.

Another famous British firm is that of the

Daimler, Stand 39

who are well situated in the centre of the Grand Hall. Three examples of the celebrated 30 h.-p. cars, which have been so many times foremost in open competitions this year, are on view, and there is also a 28 h.-p. five-seated side-entrance landaulette, finished in Royal blue, the interior being upholstered with drab cord cloth. The Daimler motor carriage, 1907 model, is the accomplishment of an apparently mechanical impossibility. Compared with the 1906 model, it is higher from the ground, and consequently freer from dust, yet is lower and easier of access and egress. These developments in the natural evolution of motor-car improvement once more confirm the position of the Daimler, which has long been recognised as occupying a premier position for intrinsic excellence in every detail. To overcome the dust problem is the desire of every user of a motor carriage, both for personal comfort and out of consideration for other users of the highway. The new Daimler model is built with this purpose in view, and, as a result of careful comparative experiments, it is found to raise dust less than the very great majority of vehicles of similar size and speed.

On the stand of the

Wolseley Company, No. 54

it is manifest that material alterations and improvements have been made in the 1907 models. The manufacturers of the Wolseley Tool and Motor-Car Company will in future be known as Siddeley Cars, and the principal models will be two-cylinder 10 h.-p., four-cylinder 15 h.-p. (live axle), 18 h.-p. (chain driven), 18 h.-p. (live axle), 30 h.-p. (live axle), 40 h.-p. (chain driven), and a six-cylinder 45 h.-p. car with chain drive. The new six-cylinder Siddeley has its cylinders cast in pairs, the heads and jackets being in one piece, the crank-shaft being carried in four bearings, the latter being secured to the upper half of the crank-case. The valves are all operated by one camshaft, and have been rendered exceedingly accessible by the elevation of the inlet and exhaust pipes. The lift of the inlet valves can be varied. The bore and stroke of the engine are $4^{5}/_{8}$ in. by 5 in., and the normal speed is 1,000 revs. per minute. The maximum brake-horse-power is 55, and high-tension magneto is the standard ignition.

On stand No. 11, on the extreme right of the building, will be found the exhibits of the

Cannstatt Association

who show four Benz cars, ranging from 18 to 50 h.-p., and one 35 h.-p. Mercédès. All are 1907 models. Very few alterations are noticeable in the case of the Benz cars, and these consist chiefly of an arrangement for enclosing the half-speed wheels in oil-tight cases, to ensure silence in running, and an improvement in the lubricating system. The 50 h.-p. Benz chassis is an entirely new model, and is the highest-powered car yet turned out from these famous works. The

28 h.-p. Benz car shown by the Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association

35 h.-p. Mercédès is also remarkable in many respects. The carburettor has a water-jacket all over, the mixture being automatically regulated by the speed of the engine. The lubrication is mechanically driven by a shaft from the engine, oil being fed through forced pump to the engine and cylinders. For more effective cooling, an extra fan, in addition to the veins in the fly-wheel, has been fitted behind the radiator.

During the past eighteen months, there has been an increasing demand for high-powered cars. To meet this, the

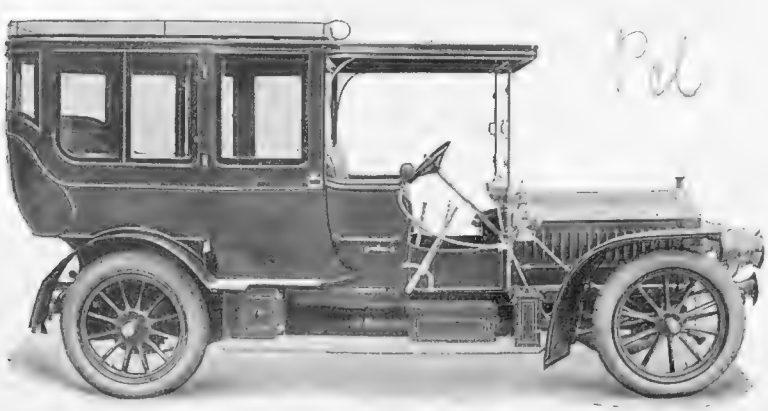
Gladiator Company, Stand 47

have designed some new models ranging from 25 to 40 h.-p. One of the firm's most interesting exhibits is a 25-35 h.-p. four-cylinder chassis, fitted with a luxurious double-phaeton body, having a black leather hood which covers the rearmost seat, and a detachable glass screen behind the driver's seat. A six-cylinder 40 h.-p. Gladiator chassis with "Show finish" embodies all the latest improvements, and has been placed on the stand for demonstration purposes. Mr. MacCormack, the manager of the Company in London, will be pleased to explain the various points of this chassis to visitors during the Show.

Centrally situated in the Annexe is the exhibition of the

F.I.A.T. Cars, Stand 148

shown by F.I.A.T. Motors, Limited, of Long Acre. The many successes gained at home and abroad by these excellent cars will ensure a due measure of attention from all visitors to Olympia. Some new departures have been made in the 1907 cars, and the well-known Turin firm is now numbered among those who have adopted the six-cylinder principle for their high-powered engines.



Six-cylinder Napier Limousine for the Duke of Fife

STAND No. 130
Olympia Motor Exhibition.

MORGAN
& CO., Ltd.

SPECIALITIES:

The 24-28 h.-p. "MORGAN" CHASSIS
All British Make.

THE
"MORGAN" LANDAULETTE MOTOR BODY
Especial Design. Finest Workmanship.

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Latest Design. Luxurious Appointments.

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"MORGAN" ROI-DES-BELGES MOTOR BODY
New Design. Lightness with Durability.

The "CROMWELL" Patent WIND SCREEN

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Designed and Fitted to any MAKE of CHASSIS.

127, LONG ACRE, W.C.,
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This Trade Mark is clearly stamped on all

"CONTINENTAL" TYRES

and you should take care that YOUR Car for 1907 is fitted with "Continentals," the ideal Tyre for motoring of every kind.

Olympia: Stand No. 235.

THE CONTINENTAL TYRE & RUBBER CO.
(GREAT BRITAIN), Ltd.,
102-108, CLERKENWELL ROAD,
LONDON, E.C.

"Tone," "Noiselessness,"

Essential Touring Qualifications which are distinctive features of the

CLÉMENT
AUTOMOBILES.

CLÉMENT GAINED FIRST POSITION FOR PETROL CONSUMPTION IN THE
TOURIST TROPHY RACE,
and was the Fourth for speed.

"In every sense of the term a GENUINE touring carriage." *Morning Post.*

"One of the few GENUINE touring cars in the race." *The Motor.*

NO SHREWD AUTOMOBILIST WILL FAIL TO VISIT THE CLÉMENT STAND.

No. 50 OLYMPIA.

HEADQUARTERS FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND:
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To prevent misunderstanding, 1906 Clément Cars will not be supplied to any Agent or Firm in the United Kingdom other than those authorised by the Clément Motor Co., Ltd.
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SOLE RIGHTS,
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THE RENOWNED
DE DIETRICH

ON VIEW AT OLYMPIA, STAND 51

Winner of the
Circuit des Ardennes
(Speed Contest)
Winner of the
Coupe de Pyrenees
(Touring Cars)

THE NEW
CROSSLEY
CHAIN AND CHAINLESS.

ON VIEW AT OLYMPIA, STAND 18

Manufactured throughout by Crossley Bros., Ltd., the famous gas-engine makers, at their works, Openshaw, Manchester.

A. J. W.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

Set of **three frills with top**, comprising a rich **Silk Glacé** frill; a **Silk Moirette** frill; and a white washing **Muslin and Lace** frill. Extra large size, and thoroughly well cut. All leading colours. **49/6** complete set.

Free Delivery throughout the United Kingdom.

Novelties in All Departments.

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P & O PLEASURE CRUISES.

S.Y. VECTIS (6,000 tons, 6,000 h.p.)

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MARSEILLES to NAPLES, SICILY, MALTA, ALGIERS the BALEARIC ISLES and SPAIN.
Fares from 18 Guineas.

No. 2.—14th FEBRUARY. 28 DAYS.
SICILY, GREECE, SYRIA, the HOLY LAND, EGYPT and NAPLES.
Fares from 30 Guineas.

No. 3.—16th MARCH. 29 DAYS.
VILLEFRANCHE, NAPLES, CORFU, SMYRNA, CONSTANTINOPLE, GREECE and SICILY.
Fares from 30 Guineas.

No. 4.—18th APRIL. 29 DAYS.
CORFU, CATTARO (for CETTINJE), the DALMATIAN COAST, VENICE and SICILY.

No. 5.—18th MAY. 21 DAYS.
VILLEFRANCHE, CIVITA VECCHIA (for ROME), NAPLES, SICILY, ALGIERS, SPAIN, GIBRALTAR, TANGIER, LISBON and LONDON.

Fares for Cruises 4 and 5, either separately or in combination, will be quoted on application.

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NOVELTIES IN CHOICE FURS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Ladies' own Furs Renovated and Remodelled to present Fashions.

Seal Musquash Bolero, with Cape Sleeves £10 10 0

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156, Tottenham Court Road, W.

FROCKS ◇ FRILLS ◇ AND FURBELOWS ◇

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Town has come into its own again, and there is sense of life and movement, which is welcome enough after the long stagnation. Welcome, indeed, to all of us who are more or less habitual sojourners in the Metropolis, but doubly so to the long-suffering shopping fraternity, who are all "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" over the orders that are pouring in.

The rage for restaurant dining is at last making an impression on the high dinner dress. One has scarcely realised until recently the overwhelming number of demi-toilettes that come over from Paris, and are immediately converted into full-dress evening frocks over here. But it is to be remarked that the knowledgable salesman lays far less weight than usual on the facilities of converting a high into a low-necked gown. It is becoming more customary to let these models stand intact on their own merits, although, by a strange irony of things, Dame Fashion has never rendered the task a simpler one by bringing about a change through the medium of the *fichu* and *Chinois* corsage.

An attractive travelling cloak

(Sketched at Fisher's, 215, Regent Street, by K. Pleydel Young)

A Predilection for Black and White

Really, the autocratic dame who rules our modistic destinies is something of a jade. Here we are with a choice of colours never before experienced, and yet for the most up-to-date restaurant gown black and white is accorded the vote of favour. Exceedingly fine jet embroideries on net, relieved by lines of narrow black velvet, mounted over white silk veiled in chiffon, is a prominent fancy of the hour. And the jetted dress, under the latest auspices, is a confection of airy, fairy lightness. A white accordion-kilted *mousseline de soie* was particularly striking, ornamented with four horizontal lines of fine black lace, embroidered in this fine jet and just a suspicion of gold, the simple little corsage and sleeves being similarly tempered, the jetted and embroidered lace forming a long square effect in front, the ends carried over the shoulders—brace fashion—to the waist at the back.

For an all-black demi-toilette, the chief point is outline, an end that is most effectually obtained by means of *fichu* folds drooped low over the arms. There is also the still fully recognised Directoire waist, than which nothing is more admirable for *crêpe-de-Chine*, *ninon de soie*, and the like. A lovely black *ninon*, fashioned after this manner, carried a deep hem of black *panne*, above which, worked on the material itself, came Empire wreath *motifs*, embroidered in silk and raised slightly in relief, picked out faintly with silver, the latter forming an introductory note to a chemisette of silver tissue, or, rather, silver-net tissue, which, together with gold of a like material, is one of the pronounced fancies of the season.

Mantles at Marshall and Snelgrove's

It is a genuine galaxy of worth that is spread forth here, comprising mantles and coats for morning, afternoon, and evening wear, and although it may be somewhat bold to draw so long a bow, still, my frank belief is that, viewed from its every aspect, this particular department at Marshall and Snelgrove's has no rival. The choice throughout is so supremely good.

Is it by chance a coat you require, a wrap that will meet several exigencies? Well, of these there is an almost tantalising selection, although one model stands forth prominently in favourable recollection. Of long three-quarter length, this was a creation of plum-coloured cloth, semi-fitting, with deep shoulder cape, velvet buttons, and a quantity of quietly effective detail. Prospective brides are earnestly advised to interview its value as a going-away wrap. An almost regally beautiful carriage or theatre coat has been sketched by our artist, wherefore cloth is again requisitioned in an exceedingly delicate shade of biscuit. The embroideries of Arabesque design are carried out in oxidize and old gold, that tones to the cloth, graceful wing sleeves of biscuit lace over chiffon emerging from beneath little embroidered epaulettes of the cloth, while a small collar of skunk imparts a finishing touch of unquestionable charm.

Replete with elegance, also, is a long-fitting coat of moss-green velvet, embroidered heavily at the hem with light puffed silk embroideries, that taper off into fine lines up the figure, tone on tone, the sole relief occurring in a handsome collar of pointed fox. And picture, if you can, the smart effect of a theatre cloak fashioned of lace scarves arranged in classical draperies over soft white satin, stitched with graduated lines of gold-tissue ribbon, veiled in gold-spangled net. The present era of the evening wrap has never been surpassed for grace and genuine beauty—virtues that are verily epitomised at Marshall and Snelgrove's.

A felt motor hat
(Sketched at Messrs. D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, W., by K. Pleydel Young)

A Catalogue of Conviction

Although it has been spread, with the utmost generosity, broadcast through the land, still, the world is large, and may-be there are some who have not yet experienced the pleasure of perusing Messrs. John Barker's latest catalogue. This premier Kensington house has veritably surpassed all previous efforts in the present artistic and exhaustive booklet of autumn and winter fashions. Each page demands attention and consideration, the pictures obviously portraying, with faithful rectitude, the style and value of the various garments, a short descriptive footline and stated price concluding the story and rendering shopping by post a tempting alternative to the exertion of a personal visit. From the humblest and least visible portion of feminine attire to the most visible and costly, this catalogue offers conclusive proof that in the firm of Messrs. John Barker we have an ally, both stable and progressive.

Messrs. D. H. Evans, Oxford Street

It is quite exceptional to find in a large general establishment, such as is this favourite rendezvous in Oxford Street, the close attention that is paid to the single item of motor hats. Every detail has been thought out with the nicest care by a remarkably progressive moving spirit, and never an important season dawns but some fresh advance is apparent.

In view of the Motor Show at Olympia, an event that is causing almost a national excitement, Messrs. D. H. Evans are holding a specially large and interesting display of motoring headgear, prominent expression being accorded the latest design illustrated here. The high crown to this model affords a wholly fresh aspect after the ubiquitous flat cap, and, as will be readily understood, it is built of felt, and can be had in any colour with ribbon ruche and full *crêpe-de-Chine* veil together for 25*s.* 9*d.*

Another similar shape, as regards the straight brim, but with a lower crown, is entirely and closely covered with a chiffon veil, the ends whereof are eventually twisted round the throat. And this is only 19*s.* 11*d.* Then, wholly different in character, but probably in many sporting eyes quite as attractive, is the "Quorn," a hat with soft quartered crown, and adjustable brim fashioned of frieze. The "Cromer," also, is a highly becoming pork-pie turban, that sits well on the head, and yet maintains a certain jaunty air that is most becoming. Nor is this all; Messrs. D. H. Evans, following the example of the more exclusive fraternity, are building any of these motoring hats to special order, using ladies' own materials, the cost of which is eventually deducted from the price.

Messrs. Fisher and Sons

It is necessary, before visiting Messrs. Fisher and Sons, to divest the mind of all preconceived ideas and desires. The ordering of things here is so absolutely unique and out of the ordinary, it is always the unexpected that happens. Bringing to bear on the subject of sport's clothing many years' experience with fastidious patrons, there is nothing that this firm are not alive to in point of presenting an attractive as well as a practical appearance. They rely—and rightly — very largely on cut and fabric, an illuminative example whereof is found in the accompanying sketch of a motor coat, expressed in a broken black and white check, with an over-plaid of baize green. This is arranged in the unsurpassable *Travello* model, than which even Messrs. Fisher have never had a greater success. The deep yoke back is so happily suited to practically every figure, while the sleeves, with their ingenious grades of closeness, effected through the medium of a strap and buttons, cannot possibly be bettered. Thanks to them, the *Travello* can be worn over the bulkiest under-coat or obstreperously sleeved bodice, and always account itself of elegant appearance.

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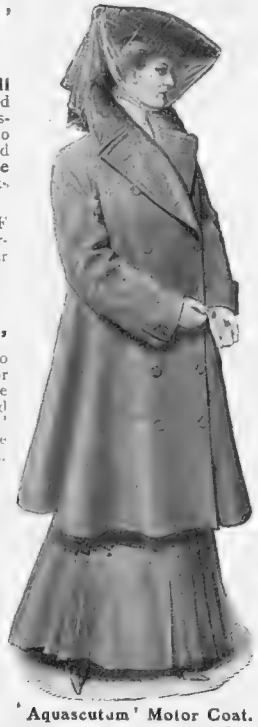

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BY VIVIAN CARTER

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL'S REMINISCENCES

In Lady Dorothy Nevill's Day

It is proof of the modern literary youth's dull copy-scent that he makes such scant use of parental "reminiscences" as book material. Seeing that everybody has (or has had) a father, a mother, some aunts or some uncles, either or each of whom has witnessed now historic scenes, and met, personally, now famous characters, how is it that we acclaim as something phenomenal a volume like the *Reminiscences of Lady Dorothy Nevill* (Arnold: 15*s.* net), which her son, Mr. Ralph Nevill, has had the enterprise to edit and publish on her behalf? There should be such books appearing every month; there should not, if only sons (and daughters) did their duty and adequately pumped their parents, remain concealed from the public one jot of nineteenth-century anecdote, one tittle of Victorian scandal. And, if I may respectfully whisper it, I will suggest that, were this done, we should have many books excelling in interest even these Nevill reminiscences. For though the circle of Lady Dorothy's acquaintances was of the widest, including monarchs, statesmen, writers, artists, and actors, yet her reminiscences do not yield a proportionately rich harvest of anecdote and incident.

Lady Dorothy Nevill
Whose reminiscences (Edward Arnold) form the most important Victorian social record of the day
(After a crayon drawing by M. Jules Cayron)

Everybody was Nice and Good

The general impression left on my mind by the book is that the charming *raconteuse* knew a very great many people, and that everybody she knew was really very nice indeed. I am reminded somewhat of the Cambridge Don, to whom every nobleman and statesman is "my very dear friend, Lord ——," and who once acclaimed the Kaiser as "quite the nicest Emperor I have met." Such "revelations" as the book contains are of the whitewashing order. We learn how very nice and good (and how perfectly bred) was everybody. Revelations, however, there are of a mild, slight kind. For instance, it is a little startling to learn of Bulwer Lytton that he was, as a conversationalist, "not at all pompous or pedantic"; that Dickens, as a guest, was dull, and "once he imagines he is being trotted out, he won't say a word." Also, it is a little alarming to a good Tory like myself to gather, at this time of day, that Beaconsfield, according to Lady Dorothy, "never expressed any partiality for the primrose"; that the origin of the "Primrose" tribute to the statesman was merely that, on receiving some primroses from Queen Victoria at Windsor, he "expressed to someone his warm appreciation of these flowers"!

—Even Mr. Chamberlain—

Modern Radical carpers at Beaconsfield will make due use of the fact, but in compensation to Conservatism for a damaged shibboleth, we have something flattering about Chamberlain. "Bright and amusing, in spite of his great political cares, Mr. Chamberlain is, I consider, a really delightful as well as a most clever man." And, remember, that this was said about the Radical Mr. Chamberlain of the 'eighties, by a lady of pronouncedly Tory sympathies. Talking of Toryism, by the way, Lady Dorothy cites the definition with which "Dizzy" replied to Radicals who called him a "Tory in disguise." "A Tory in disguise! I will tell you who is a Tory in disguise—it is a Whig in place."

But To-day Things are Very Different!

What Lady Dorothy thought, and thinks, about Society is revealed in one or two stray paragraphs. The cult of "lion hunting" she castigates by citing Wilberforce's remark to her about a notorious lion-hunter of the day, Lady Molesworth: "I believe if the King of the Cannibal Islands were to come to England, within twenty-four hours he would be dining with Lady Molesworth." Later on, Lady Dorothy gives her contrast between the Society of her day and that of ours:—

> Society to-day and Society as I formerly knew it are two entirely different things; indeed, it may be questioned whether Society, as the word used to be understood, now exists at all. There are, no doubt, sets—the smart set, the racing set, and I do not know how many more *coteries* of individuals, specialists in frivolity. But Society as it used to be—is no more.

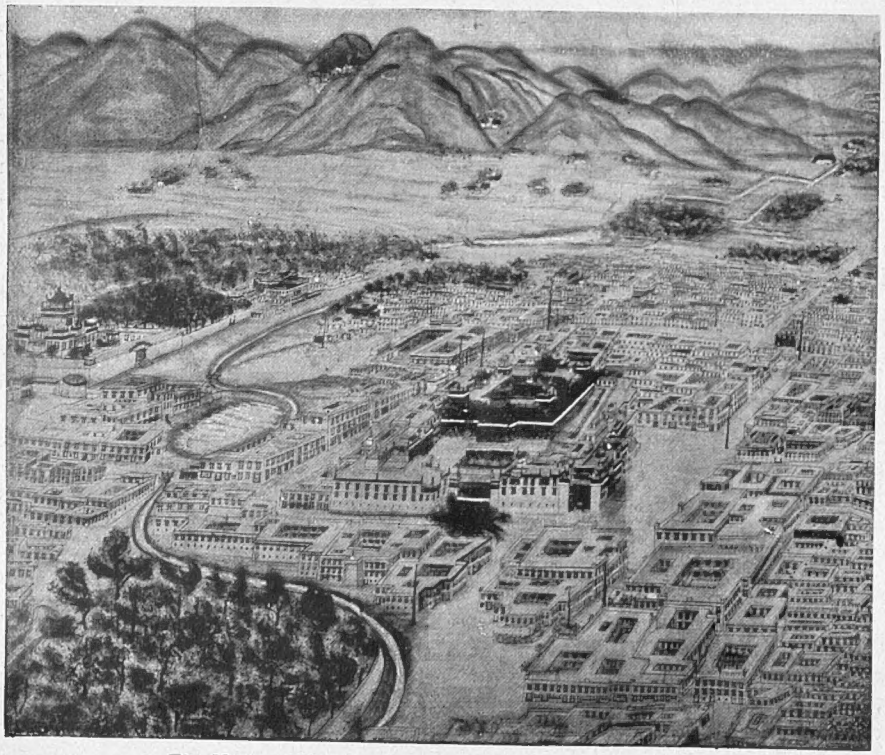
The book is, once more, an interesting volume, and combines a certain restrained anecdotal interest with a dignity and detachment of style.

The Forbidden City

In *Tibet the Mysterious* (Alston Rivers), Sir Thos. Holdich gives a valuable description of Tibet from the explorer's standpoint. The drawing here reproduced (by kind permission of Mr. Alston Rivers) gives a unique impression of Lhasa—the modernity of the design of which is almost American in its symmetry. Sir Thomas calls the city "the pivot of Buddhist thought and Buddhist faith for all Eastern Asia. It has been as the holy of holies, the dwelling of the Ark of the Covenant to one-third of the human race. It is so still. If ever England aspires to be a Buddhist Power, she must reckon first with Lhasa." As to the city itself. "The view of Lhasa from its Western approaches is one which warms even a Bengali heart to enthusiasm." The book is most interesting and instructive, and the photographs and sketches it contains considerably further our knowledge of Tibetan scenery, architecture, and racial types. It is, however, in style, rather of interest to the student than to the lay reader.

The Dreariness of Vice

London and its life has inspired the author of "A London Girl" to a story entitled *Closed Doors* (Alston Rivers : 6*s*.). It is original, inasmuch as it tends to show how drab and dreary and heart-breaking is the life of a "protected" woman. So often has this life of vice been represented as one of sparkle and glamour, and shown up in contradistinction to the drabness and drearness of the married state, that the novel fulfils a good purpose in suggesting the contrary. As a story, it is squalid, its characters debased, and its atmosphere somewhat thick with the fumes of "fastness." But there being a moral point, and that a forcible one, the volume is worth scanning.



The Manhattan of the Mahatmas: Is Lhasa like New York?

The strangely American appearance of the Forbidden City will be noted by a glance at this picture (reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Alston Rivers from *Tibet the Mysterious*, by Sir Thomas Holdich). With its straight streets and regular design, it might be called "The Manhattan of the Mahatmas," though there. of course, the resemblance ceases!

"Signs of the Times"

Seeing that Messrs. E. V. Lucas and C. L. Graves, in "Wisdom While You Wait," etc., etc., practically created the *Times* in the comic rôle now so familiar to all of us, it is right that they should triumphantly chime in just now, at the moment when Printing House Square has reached the climax of clowning. *Signs of the Times* (Alston Rivers : 1*s*.) is the not over-original title given to this year's volume, "The Hustler's Almanack for 1907." It is very funny, even on the well-worn theme of the exploits of Messrs. Moberley Bell and "the Judicious Hooper." The *Times*, in January, starts a Meat Club ; in February, a "Co-hooperative Clothing Club" ; in March, "The Columbia Theatre" ; in April, "The *Times* Egg Club" ; and so on, monthly, until December, when it founds a new religion, with the Right Rev. Moberley Bell as "chief Archimandrake." Incidentally, the authors make fun of other than *Times* promoters, and altogether, the Almanack is quite up to the standard of previous years, notwithstanding that the ground of the two compilers has so largely been cut away by the *Times* humorists, Messrs. Bell and Hooper, themselves.

A Turn for Bookworms

Those who would be "in the swim" and well conversant, this dull season, with the topic of topics, which is literature, should possess themselves of a neat little *Dictionary of English* literature, published by Routledge (1*s*. net). It slips easily into the waistcoat or ticket pocket, and contains everything biographical you wish to know about all the authors, from Addison to Edward Young, though why the editor, Mr. M. McCroben, has stopped short at "the Y's" when here is a living "Z" in the shape of Mr. Zangwill, I do not quite know. However, that omission notwithstanding, the pages of the book can, with profit, be called "a turn for bookworms."

Miscellanea

Two "humorous" books, whose titles, more adequately than any review, suggest their style and subject-matter, are *Young Pickles*, by Stuart Wishing (Ward, Lock : 3*s*. 6*d*.), and *Cox's Cough Drops*, by R. S. Warren Bell (Arrowsmith : 3*s*. 6*d*.).—Publishers seem to have discovered "The Song of Solomon" as a work lending itself to republication in attractive guise. I have already received *The Song of Songs* in verse form, with photogravures after Gilbert James—an attractive drawing-room table issue, and also a pocket edition of the *Song* (E. Grant Richards : 6*d*. and 1*s*.).

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